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JULY 16, 1968

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.:
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# NATIONAL REVIEW

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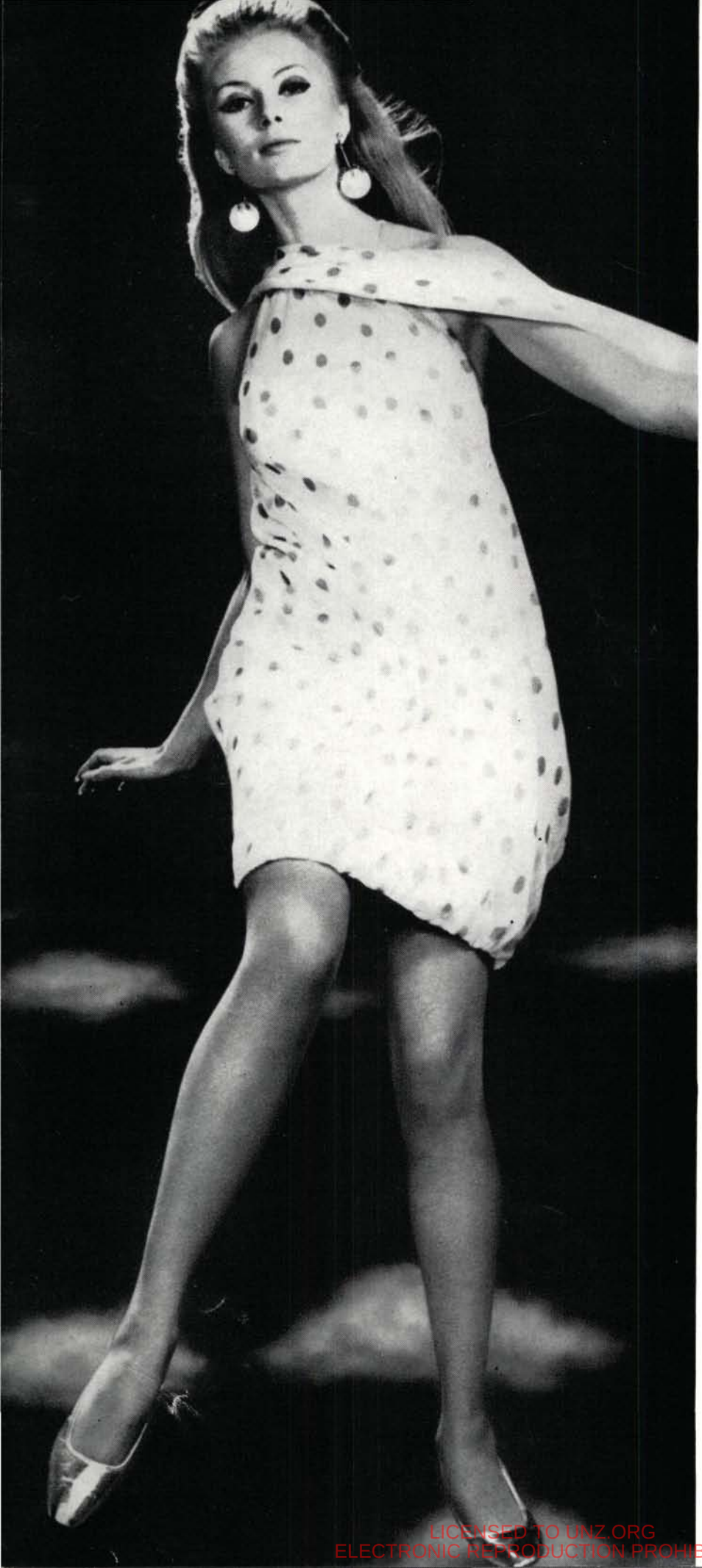

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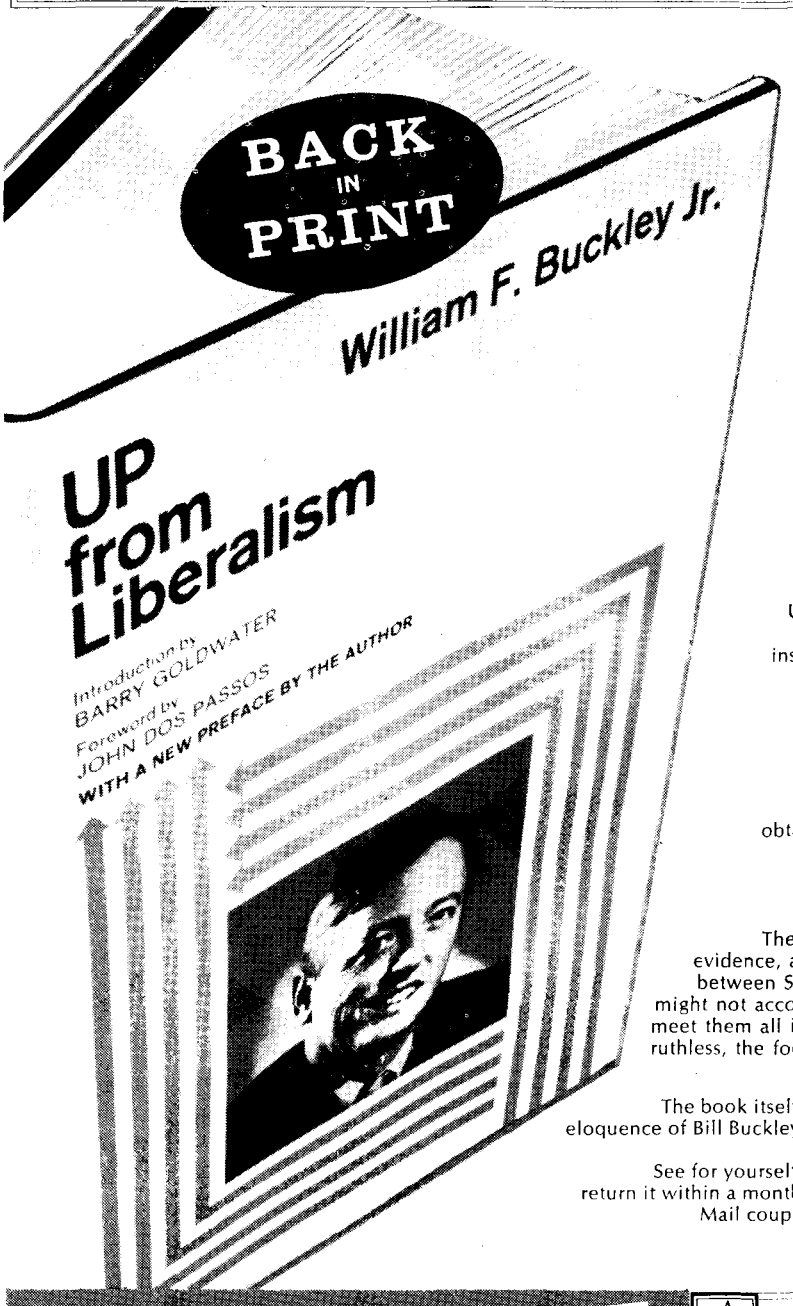
"The civilized community has moved on to other things." — *New Republic*

"Pernicious, toxic and disastrous." — *Harvard Crimson*

"He quotes John Stuart Mill!" — *America*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Foreword by JOHN DOS PASSOS
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JULY 16, 1968

# NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XX NO. 28

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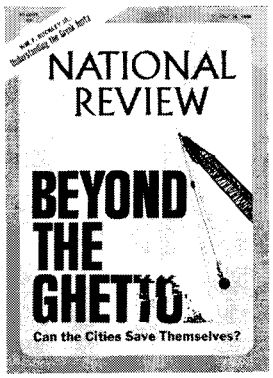
# IN THIS ISSUE

■ We look at the Negro in the Northern city, a great problem for which "great" solutions have been proposed, integration for example. Does it work, and where? About two years ago *NR* undertook to locate examples of integration which are already working and working well without public fanfare, federal edict or the swamping attention of sociologists. Surely we could learn much from communities where black and white live side by side. So we asked around—SCLC, CORE, Urban League, SNCC, NAACP. The reaction was lukewarm to freezing. SNCC, for example, declined to be heard on the grounds that their program "was concentrated in black rather than integrated communities." But is it right that their program should be thus concentrated? NAACP implied that they could not take time out for such inquiries while so much remained to be done. But how do they know what should be done if they do not examine integration in the actual instance? We then heard, through its own active promotion, of the community called Ludlow, in Shaker Heights, Ohio. And of several other places, too. The claims of Ludlow, however, seemed outstanding; and we asked Cleveland buff **Saul Friedman** to investigate. His report, which appears on p. 691, chalks up the debits along with the credits, chief among the latter being Ludlow's uniqueness in most things that allow integration to take place. But if the Ludlow precedent is disproportionate to the national statistical mean, that in itself is an important discovery and should be fair warning to those who continue urging integration by fiat upon the nation as a whole. . . . If integration is not the answer, another question must be posed: can the Negro flourish in the ghetto, and how? Let us now praise Kingfish Cohen, whose entrepreneurship began in riot-prevention and now seeks its logical extension in progressive independence, of, by and for, the people of the ghetto. **Morgan J. Doughton** is president of Program Dynamics Group, which combats federal paternalism *and* black radicalism by promoting inner-city self-development.




■ **Wm. F. Buckley**'s trip to Greece yielded four columns on the junta, which we present in an expanded On the Right. . . . **James Burnham** examines the new-found link between New Left and Old Right, and finds it tenuous indeed. . . . Students for "relevance" in their studies should read **Russell Kirk** before signing up for "Urban Problems" or "Current Affairs." More on Marcuse in the book section, from **Max Geltman**, with reviews by **Guy Davenport**, **M. Stanton Evans**, and a new contributor, **Jere Real**, of the University of Virginia. And **Willis Russell** on the Katzenjammer Kids.

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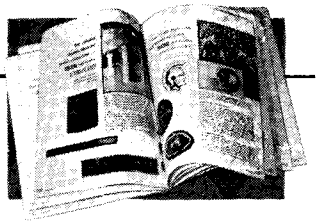

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# LETTERS

## Defending Boyle's Law

I found the responses to Joseph Boyle's "The Catholic Plot against the Catholic Church" [Letters, June 18] to be quite interesting. However, the letters of Anne O'Sullivan and Fr. Sullivan were far from enlightening.

Anne O'Sullivan might do well to read Boyle's article again. Nowhere does Mr. Boyle seem "ignorant of the fact that the Catholic Church has always taught that the individual is ultimately responsible to the dictates of his conscience . . ." The whole point of Catholic teaching is that the Church is an infallible guide to God's will, and so is an infallible guide to the formation of conscience. Thus it is that when an individual makes a moral decision in accordance with his conscience, if he is Catholic, he must also be making that decision in accordance with the faith-and-morals dictates of the Church. . . . Mr. Boyle's prophecy of doom for the Church should not surprise Anne O'Sullivan, for Mr. Boyle, as he admits, is not Catholic. One would not expect him to share our faith in the Church, which is inseparable from our faith in God.

Fr. Sullivan notes: "The present diversity developing within the Roman Catholic Church offers a great richness . . ." Whom is Fr. Sullivan kidding? Boyle's point is that, albeit incidental diversities, there is a diversity of doctrinal explanations caused by a liberal power-play begun at Vatican II. Now if, as all Catholics must believe, the Church speaks doctrinally for God, how can a diversity of opinion yield a richness of any kind? One either has the Church's Truth or he does not. Diversity is no help. The Holy Spirit, contrary to apparent popular belief, does not inspire conflicting ideas about Truth.

*Succasunna, N. J.* JEFFREY A. MIRUS

I wish you would follow Mr. Boyle's article relating to the Catholic Church with one on the Protestant churches.

*Creston, Iowa* MRS. ORVAL R. BENT

*Coming up.*

How refreshing to read in your pages Joseph P. Boyle's "The Catholic Against the Catholic Church" [May

As an interested, although non-Cat onlooker of Vatican II and other r activities within and around the Cl I too was strongly and repeatedl pressed wih the apparent incompati



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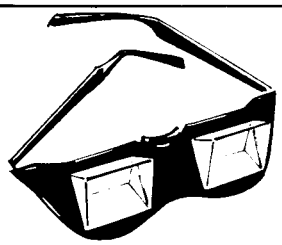
# haverhill's



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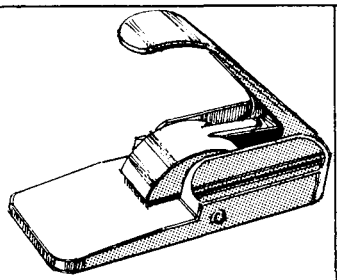

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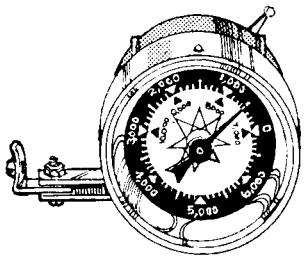

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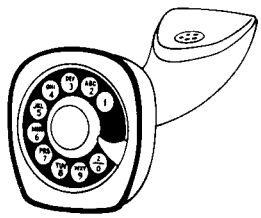

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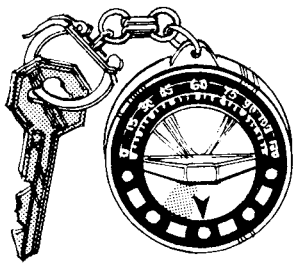

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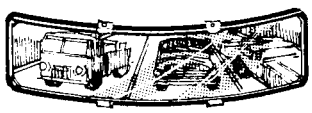

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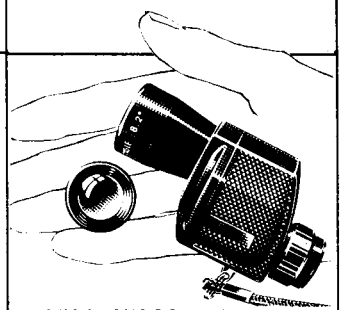

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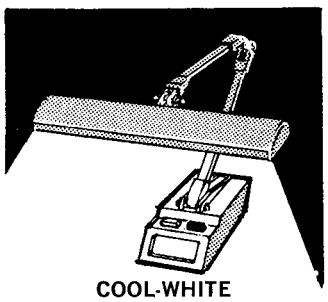

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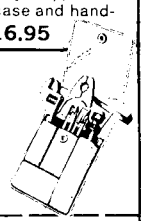

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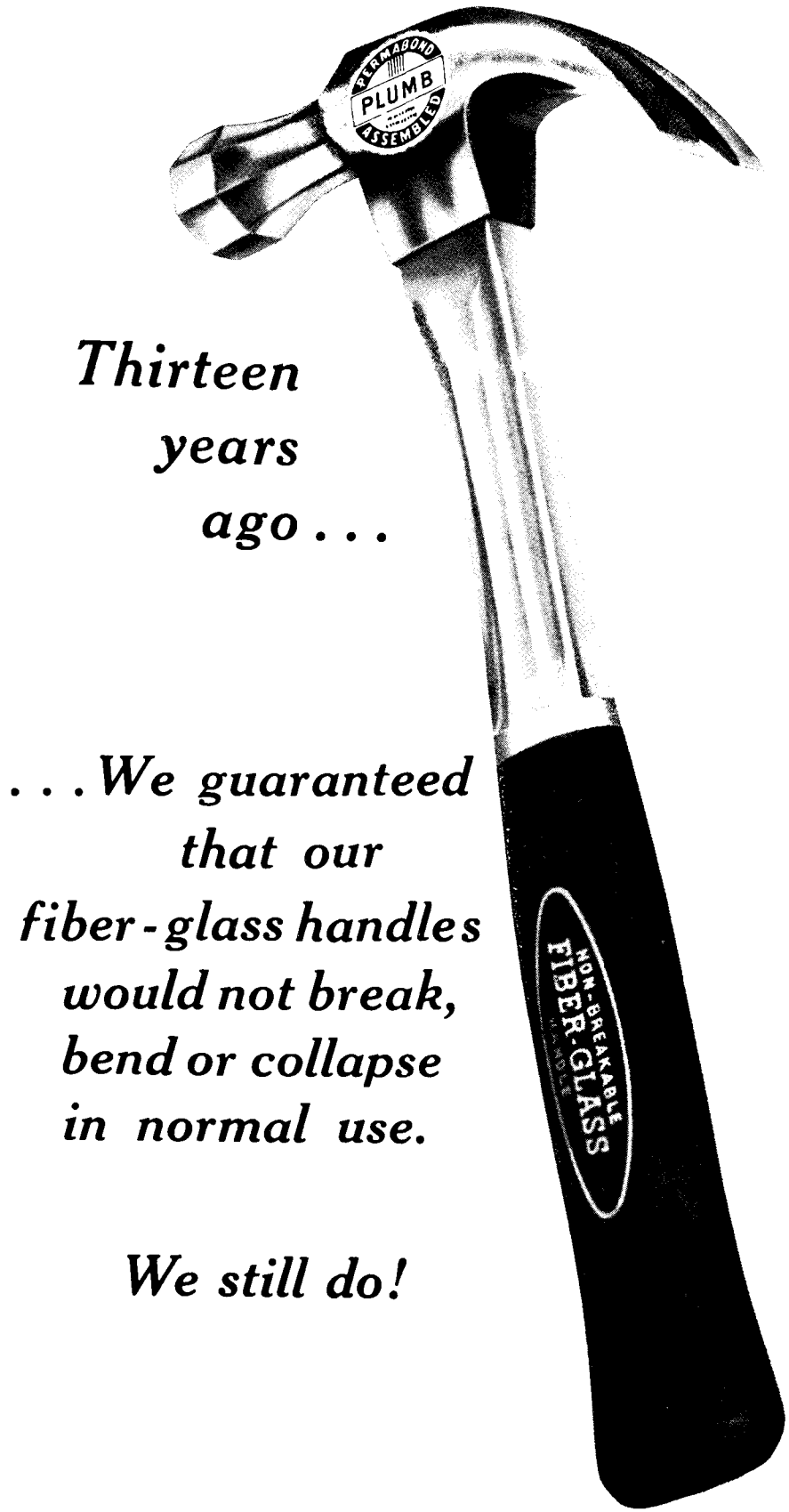


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between the reportings in the news media and the content of *The Documents of Vatican II* and other Vatican publications I would look forward to further discussion of this provocative article.

*Rensselaer, N. Y.* D. N. PEIRCE

## On the Shoulders of Giants

In his article "Continuity and Relevance" [June 18] Russell Kirk writes that the debt we owe the past is so great that we moderns are like "dwarfs standing on the shoulders of giants." Mr. Kirk attributes this perceptive image to St. Fulbert of Chartres, a French theologian who died in 1028. Actually, the words must be properly assigned to Bernard of Chartres, the twelfth-century French philosopher.

Indeed, Mr. Kirk would have made his point more effectively had he mentioned Bernard of Chartres. In a time (mid-twelfth-century France) when the forces of more "relevant" education were beginning to make themselves heard, Bernard represented a conservative, diligent, scholarly attitude towards the classics. In his *Policraticus* (which is, incidentally, the most famous medieval handbook on statesmanship) John of Salisbury quotes some verses Bernard composed on those qualities necessary for the attainment of true wisdom (that wisdom which, hopefully, may protect us from the "new barbarism" Mr. Kirk writes of):

*Mens humilis, studium quaerendi, vita quieta,*
*Scrutinium tacitum, paupertas, terra aliena,*
*Haec reserare solent multis obscura legendo.*

(In short, only hard study and application will be rewarded.)

Alas, Mr. Kirk is right. I imagine it would be extremely difficult to demonstrate to a "committed" student of the 1960s the relevance of a twelfth-century priest who wrote in medieval Latin.

*New York, N. Y.* THOMAS B. SWANZEY

## More in This Issue

Since I suffered through the hell of both the Nazi occupation and the Communist revolution in Greece, I give a round of applause to the present government there as well as to you for William Rickenbacker's "Letter from Greece" [June 4]. We pray for the imminent return of the Republic to her people.

*Hawthorne, Cal.* MICHAEL GALANC

## Author Meets Critic

I read with much interest the review my book Mr. Schlamm gave in magazine [April 23]. I suppose he is tremely satisfied with his piece. Ma however draw your attention to the that when someone wants to list the takes of someone else, he has to be ful not to commit mistakes himself? L take only as examples the first item Mr. Schlamm's argument:

He writes: "With the exception of


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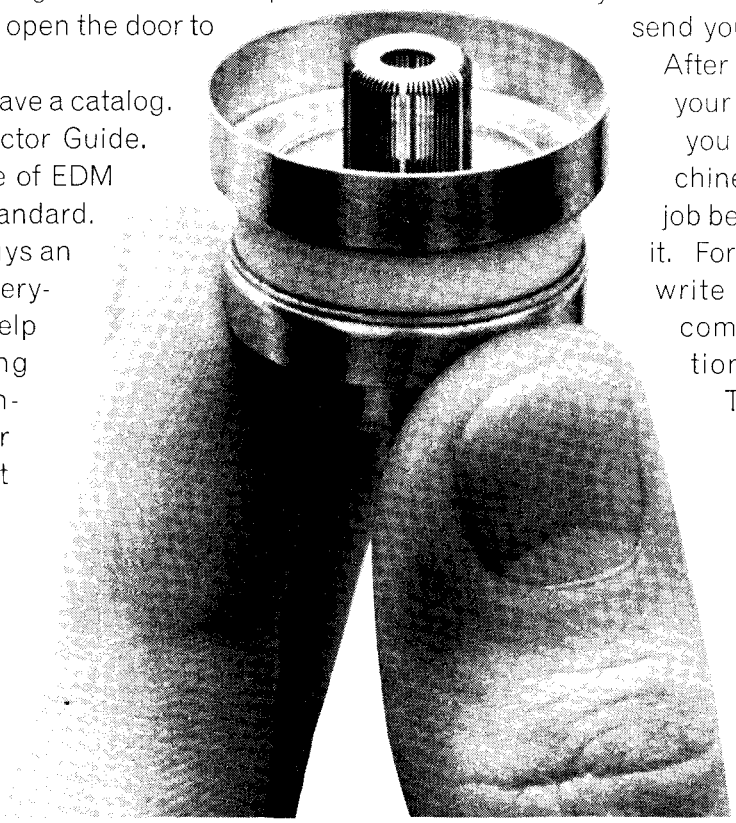

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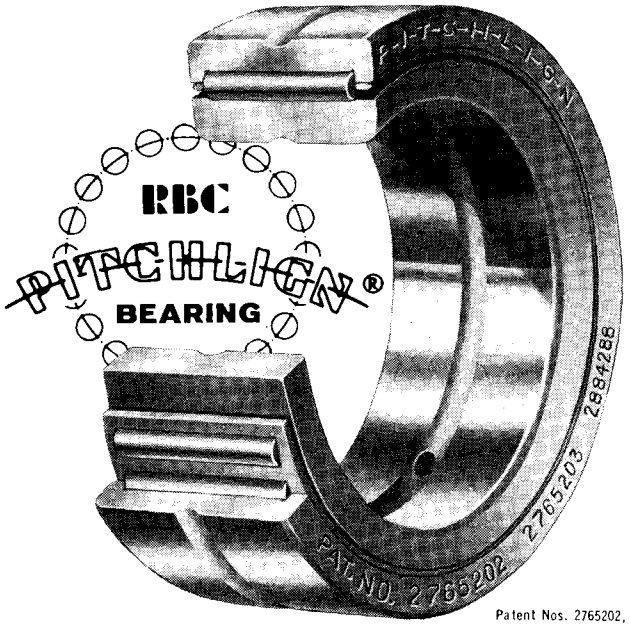


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or three madmen, there is no recorde male voice in Western history that did nc curse war; and not a single one tha praised it as 'the most noble of arts' (wit the exception, perhaps, of M. Fontaine compatriot, the Marquis de Sade)." Ma I quote some people like Machiavell Montesquieu, Hegel, Darwin, Proudhoi J. de Maistre, John Ruskin, Renan, Neit che, all of them Westerners, who e plained at length that war was "th noblest of arts" or at least a historic necessity?

Item 2: Mr. Schlamm ought to kno that both in Zimmerwald and Kientha the Founding Fathers of the Cominter were in minority (seven against 23 in th first case; I am sorry I do not know th exact figure for the second one). Th leading trend in Zimmerwald was Kau sky's. Mr. Schlamm might know abou Lenin's opinion of him. In case he woul not, let me remind him the "renegade Kautsky was for Lenin the archetype c pacifism which he simply hated. Anyon who has read my book with some atter tion would have no doubt about my ur derstanding of Lenin's philosophy on th point.

I could bring answers of the same kin to every point made by Mr. Schlamm, bu I fear to bore you. May I add that amon those critics who were kind enough t approve of my book, there were suc people as Anthony Eden and Williar Henry Chamberlin whom, I suppose, yo would not label philocommunists?

I would be much surprised, but natu rally pleased, if by any chance you wer to publish this letter. Anyway I woul appreciate an answer.

*Paris* ANDRE FONTAIN

### A Reply

Machiavelli, Montesquieu, Hegel, Darwi Proudhon, J. de Maistre, John Ruski Renan, Nietzsche, although they qui rightly considered war a historical nece sity, also considered it mankind's mo tragic curse; and they found, again qui rightly, that in wars brave men gro noble in feats of self-sacrifice and con passion. But nobody called it "the mo noble of arts." Item 2: Whatever more c less accidental roll-calls M. Fontaine r calls, the historically pertinent fact r mains that the "Zimmerwald Left" b came one of the founding fathers of t Comintern. Kautsky, a pure and perf tionist Marxist, despised pacifism, course. This, quite naturally, saved not from being despised by Lenin. then, Lenin called many another Marxist dirty names. Or is M. Fo impressed that Trotsky was indeed agent of the Ochrana"—just because once called him that? In other wor Fontaine, bring on a few more item two with which you were satisfied w my critic's appetite.

WILLIAM S. SCH

*Lugano, Switzerland*



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# THE WEEK

■ A Presidential commission has submitted the results of fifteen months of studying the Post Office. The commission concludes that politicalized management is incapable of efficiency—a point made a quarter-century ago by Ludwig von Mises in *Bureaucracy*—and recommends that the Post Office be converted into a non-profit government corporation in the TVA mode. A step away from bureaucratic management is a step in the right direction. A logical next step would be for the Government to relinquish its monopoly of the mails, and allow its non-profit postal corporation to compete with free-market carriers—like a corporation should.

■ There is no mistaking the main point the French electorate was making in the June elections: *We do not want a Communist revolution!* That proposition was affirmed, in substance, by a coalesced majority unprecedented in French parliamentary history. De Gaulle, after the collapse of his first plan for a vaguely worded national plebiscite, posed that as the issue for a general parliamentary election; the citizens, confronting the harsh realities of the revolutionary crisis in the streets, factories, rail lines, shops and public institutions, took de Gaulle's slogan at face value, and shouted their reply. Whatever happens now in a battered France where, in C. L. Sulzberger's image, "de Gaulle is the sun in France's political sky, but that sun has now passed its apogee," from this reply the nations of the West may take much comfort.

■ Reacting to a strong outflow of liquid capital during the present political turmoil, France has adopted a batch of protectionist measures such as import quotas and export subsidies. The U.S., in turn, is considering some sort of retaliation against France, although it is generally the case that retaliation retaliates. The U.S. posted a worrisome trade deficit in May, and with our continuing spree of price and wage rises there is no reason to expect anything but a continuing trade deficit. Hence the talk of our adopting protectionist measures response to French moves may be a smokescreen building a protectionist wall around our own uncontable inflation.

hough nothing can keep Messrs. Harriman and e from snoring through those once-weekly klatsches aris, Herman Kahn, Director of the Hudson Insti-, registers his hope that Administration war planners 't dozing simultaneously at home. Kahn, author of *Thinking About the Unthinkable* and a class-A think-tanker when the subject is Vietnam, argues in the July *Foreign Affairs* that now is the time to firm up strategy for the war, if only because "otherwise we may be too weak in negotiation, or the other side may be too excessive in its demands, or we may not be able to maintain the confidence of the South Vietnamese." A better reason is that if the negotiators can't reach a settlement we'd best not be caught with our battalions down. High among Kahn's priorities for revamping the war effort are "much better formulation and exposition of our goals, strategies and tactics so that we ourselves understand what we are doing, the world understands and many existing myths and misconceptions are clarified." Our Vietnam problems, thinks Kahn, are smaller on the battlefield than in the hearts and minds of the international public, which gets razor-sharp propaganda from the Communists but only muddled defensiveness from Washington.

■ George Wallace Met the Press June 30 and convinced the incredulous or reminded the forgetful that his candidacy for President is serious indeed. The force of his appeal, if combined with a split by McCarthyites into a peace party, will make a shambles of the two-party system this November, and Wallace's support, like McCarthy's, may come not only from nuts but from responsible citizens who care about issues that only a minority candidate has been willing to raise. Whatever his motivation, however distasteful his demagogy, Wallace sometimes manages to make a lot of sense. When asked a loaded question about how he would deal with race relations in the North, he answered that "politicians have helped to bring about this large problem that exists in the cities by false promises. . . . I think one thing that politicians in other parts of the country ought to stop saying is how good it is in Philadelphia and how bad it is in Alabama. They've said that for a great number of years and they've dislocated millions of our citizens who have come to the urban centers of our country without adequate background for urban life, and this has created social and economic problems." And Wallace suggested a long-term solution, one of the most imaginative proposals yet put forward to deal with the urban crisis: "I would ask that the government provide tax incentives in the future for industry to build branch plants in the rural areas of Mississippi, Pennsylvania, California, Ohio, Massachusetts and the other states, and make it unnecessary for everyone to go to the large urban centers of our nation to find industrial employment."

■ William Manchester—the chronicler and professional mourner—bopped down to the Middletown, Conn. police station the other day and in the presence of reporters, yes, Turned In His Gun. "I lost two friends by assassination in the past five years," he said in a loud, clear voice. Time was when things weren't so friendly—but doubtless

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the Kennedys have decided that Manchester, like the JFK memorial potholders and the Jackie Tells All pulp stories, comes with the territory and is to be borne, a tasteless nuisance prowling among the tragedies.

■ Concerning gun-control laws: in 1966 the country's 102 million licensed drivers drove 935 billion miles in more than 96 million registered vehicles. There were 13.6 million accidents involving 24.3 million vehicles, resulting in 53,000 deaths and 1.9 million disabling injuries. Since 1899 more than 1.5 million people have died in traffic accidents. The automobile is the fourth largest cause of death in the United States and is the leading killer of men in the 15-24 age bracket.

● Preparing for the summer, the Federal Government has designed a system of priority airlift for troops to areas of civil disorder. The Pentagon and the Air Traffic Control network will cooperate in using reserved altitude assignments for troop airlifts. Flight plans filed under these procedures will carry the identifying code phrase: Garden Plot. *C'est ce qu'il faut cultiver.*

# Exit Warren

As so often is the case when big figures bow out, the sycophants fill the air with threnodies to their virtues. The evolution of the ruler into the tyrant is, as often, accomplished by the devolution of the citizen into the subject. One would have hoped that the surveys on Mr. Warren's performance would at least have acknowledged the view profoundly and passionately felt by men of great training and conscience, that he was a disaster to the Constitution of the United States, to the highest standards of jurisprudence, and to the federal system: which is a lot for one Justice to be.

Here is how it was recently put by one scholar (Professor McClellan of Emory University, in *Modern Age*, Spring 1967):

> There has never been a Supreme Court quite like the Warren Court. A Gallup poll indicates it is not following the election returns; bills to curb this most powerful Court in American history flutter ominously in Congressional hoppers; more and more law reviews bulge with scathing censures of the Court's behavior; constitutional scholars abandon the Court by increasing numbers; and even those who smile upon the results of the decisions are embarrassed by the grotesque reasoning of the justices. If future historians fail to look upon the Warren Court as the greatest disaster in American legal history, they will surely have to agree it is the most incompetent Court ever assembled at any one time.

This may appear excessive. And it is fashionable to dismiss criticism of Mr. Warren's Court by attributing it to hoarse and philistine right-wingers, forgetting the early warnings against Earl Warren lodged by such as Professor Edward Corwin of Princeton, Judge Learned Hand, or, for that matter, the supreme court justices of the several states.

The most telling denunciations have come from its own members. A partial catalogue:

The Warren Court is:

1. RECKLESS. ". . . The Court, in my opinion, has forgotten the sense of judicial restraint which, with due regard for *stare decisis*, is one element that should enter into deciding whether a past decision of this Court should be overruled." Harlan, joined by Frankfurter and Whittaker in *Mapp* v. *Ohio*.

2. DISLOCATIVE. ". . . Such a massive repudiation of the experience of our whole past in asserting destructively novel judicial power demands a detailed analysis of the role of this Court in our constitutional scheme." Frankfurter, joined by Harlan in *Baker* v. *Carr*.

3. MALADROIT. ". . . There is nothing judicially more unseemly nor more self-defeating than for this Court to make *in terrorem* pronouncements, to indulge in merely empty rhetoric, sounding a word of promise to the ear, sure to be disappointing to the hope." (Ibid.)

4. ARBITRARY. "Supported by no stronger authority than its own rhetoric, the Court today converts a routine police investigation of an unsolved murder into a distorted analogue of a judicial trial. . . . I think the Court perverts those precious constitutional guarantees and frustrates the vital interests of society in preserving the legitimate and proper function of honest and purposeful police investigation." Stewart in *Escobedo* v *State of Illinois*.

5. ECCENTRIC. "Today's decision cannot be squared with other provisions of the Constitution which, in my view, define the system of criminal justice this Court is empowered to administer." White, joined by Clark and Stewart (*Escobedo* v. *State of Illinois*).

6. PRESUMPTUOUS. "I think that the New York law here held invalid is in full accord with all the guarantees of the Federal Constitution and that it should not be held invalid by this Court because of a belief that the Court can improve on the Constitution." Black, joined by Clark (*Jackson v. Denno*).

7. ILLOGICAL. ". . . The Court's talk about 'debasement' and 'dilution' of the vote is a model of circular reasoning. In which the premises of the argument feed on the conclusion." Harlan (*Wesberry* v. *Sanders*).

8. SUBVERSIVE. "The claim for judicial relief in this case strikes at one of the fundamental doctrines of our system of government, the separation of powers." (Ibid.)

9. USURPATORY. "The Court's elaboration of its 'constitutional' doctrine indicates how far—and how wisely—it has strayed from the appropriate bounds of authority . . . It is difficult to imagine a more intolerable and inappropriate interference by the judiciary with independent legislatures of the States . . . When, in the name of constitutional interpretation, the Court a


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›mething to the Constitution that was deliberately ex-uded from it, the Court in reality substitutes its view : what should be so for the amending process." Harlan *Reynolds* v. *Sims*).

10. IRRESPONSIBLE. "I do not find one paragraph, one :ntence, one clause, or one word in the 1964 Act on hich the most strained efforts of the most fertile imag-ıation could support such a conclusion. And in what is :rhaps the most extensive and careful legislative history :er compiled dealing with one of the most thoroughly iscussed and debated bills ever passed by Congress, a istory including millions and millions of words written n tens of thousands of pages contained in volumes eighing well over half a hundred pounds, in which very conceivable aspect and application of the 1964 ct were discussed ad infinitum, not even once did a ngle sponsor, proponent or opponent of the Act inti-ıate a hope or express a fear that the Act was intended › have the effect which the Court gives it today." Black *Hamm* v. *Rock Hill*).

If one had to name the single greatest subversion of ıe Warren Court, it is this: that, typically, it has brought eople around to where they approve of it, or disapprove f it, depending on whether they like or do not like, ıe policies it endorses. It has thus contributed to the ecline of constitutional government.

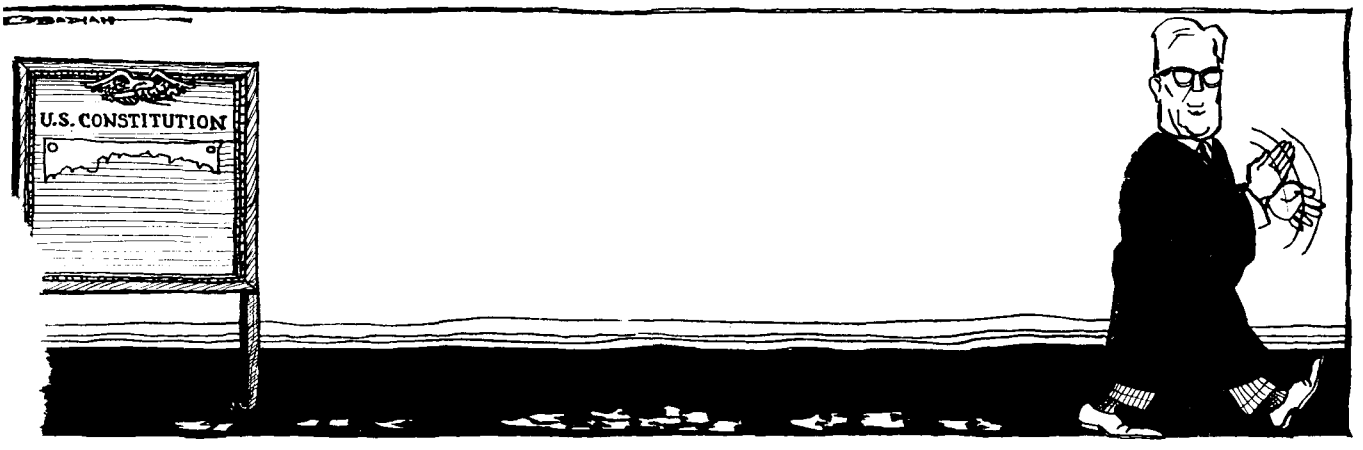
## :nter Fortas

, number of Senators have announced their intention to ppose confirmation of Abe Fortas as Chief Justice of ıe Supreme Court and Homer Thornberry as the new ıssociate Justice. They denounced the appointments, rst, because they were being made in the middle of an lection campaign by a lame-duck President. Supreme 'ourt changes should wait, they argued, for the new resident who would carry the fresh mandate of the ›ters. They objected also that Johnson had practiced :rony politics" in choosing two old pals.

The liberal editorialists at once jumped on the dissenters' heads, moaning that the senatorial threat to contest the Presidential nominations was an "encroachment by Congress" striking at the sacred principle of the separation of powers. The *New York Times,* in a lather of indignation, produced Alexander Hamilton's dictum: "The complete independence of the courts of justice is peculiarly essential in a limited constitution." Curiously enough, these same liberal commentators never happen to recall the principle of the separation of powers when the Supreme Court oversteps its judicial boundary to meddle in legislative or administrative functions.

The two grounds cited by the objecting senators are not well taken from a constitutional or traditional standpoint. Lyndon Johnson is still President, and it is unquestionably his constitutional right and quite probably his constitutional duty to name someone to fill a vacancy in the nation's highest tribunal. No President has ever hesitated to exercise that right; some, beginning with John Adams, in even the last minutes of their term of office. Adams appointed John Marshall Chief Justice after his own defeat at the polls, only two months before Jefferson replaced him at the White House. Moreover, appointees have often enough been "cronies" of the appointer—and one's cronies are not necessarily no-goods. As a matter of fact, Messrs. Fortas and Thornberry are in technical respects rather better qualified than most Supreme Court nominees in our era: Fortas is a brilliant and Thornberry a competent lawyer; Fortas has by now some judicial experience and Thornberry a good deal.

All this does not mean that the objection to these two appointments should be dropped. Very much the contrary. The appointments should be opposed, fought and if possible defeated—as Supreme Court nominations have not infrequently been in the past. But they should be fought for the real reason that they are objectionable: because these two men are statist liberals in their political and social views. But is it not a shocking "political inter-




**Legacy**

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ference" with the judiciary and with the Executive's power of appointment to bring into consideration their political and social views? It certainly is and should be. The truth is that the Supreme Court, whatever the Founders' intentions, has been a political as well as judicial body ever since John Marshall, and has become more thoroughly politicalized under Earl Warren than ever before in its history. The Court, having assumed the political power to legislate, to administer and to define social goals that the nation is to pursue, should not be exempt from the political process. The Constitution assigns the Senate an essential role in the appointment mechanism. It should exercise that role frankly and vigorously. There is good reason to believe the majority of voters has shifted to the Right and is preparing to elect a Republican President whose administration will move at least some distance away from the ideologized liberalism that has been in the saddle so long. Let the dissenting senators fight the good fight to give him the chance to appoint his kind of men to the Court, not because Mr. Johnson's appointments are illegal or improper or cliquish, but because we voters are in the process of repudiating what they stand for and don't want to have to wait another twenty years to get rid of them.

## Two, Three . . . Many Guevaras

The sale, for an undisclosed sum, of publication rights to Che Guevara's notebooks goes to *Ramparts,* from Cuba with love. While the Bolivian government was dickering with a variety of U.S. and European publishers, someone got a pirated edition into the hands of Castro, who got it into the hands of Robert Scheer, editor of the leftmost large-circulation magazine in the U.S. The transaction is commercially and tactically shrewd and is not without a crude sort of left-wing justice. It deprives the bourgeois publishers of their morbid bourgeois interest in hot properties recounting the means of their forthcoming destruction, it deprives the Bolivian government of a chance to make back some part of the millions it spent in training the intelligence corps that nailed Guevara in the Andes, it keeps the money where it is most needed—in the movement—and at the same time guarantees to the movement and its thousands of impressionable *enragés* the handsomest possible mounting of the Guevara notebooks within the Guevara legend, on which the Castro government has already spent considerable sums.

Like the publication of Harold Philby's memoirs in *Evergreen Review,* possibly *Ramparts'* biggest competitor in the revolution-sex-drugs market, the Guevara deal illustrates the extreme Communist propensity for self-applause. It is an interesting comparison in case histories. Philby's tome swung from triumph to bland triumph. He was the master spy who got away, the incarnation of Old Left politics of infiltration and subversion, inching its way up the bureaucratic framework of the civil service. Guevara, the overt revolutionary and theoretician of guerrilla warfare, was by his own account failure. He promised Castro much and delivered little He misjudged the terrain, the size of his following, th vulnerability of the Bolivian government.

Above all he misjudged his own impact on the staide elements of the Bolivian Communist Party. "Estanisla [code name for Mario Monge, secretary general of th Bolivian C.P.] is now an enemy," he wrote to Castro "He managed to intercept the last three emissaries an has tried to infiltrate one of his men here. . . . As result of the hostile attitude we have no more than eleve Bolivians in our ranks." Worst of all, he accepted th counsel of untried epigoni of the revolution like Regi Debray. He was betrayed by the very men he though he was most involved with, the peasants.

It is possible to propose martyrdom for Che Guevar only if one accepts futility and despair as the prope earthly context for martyrdom, which come to think o it is precisely the context within which Christian martyr are ennobled and the aura in which they are best under stood, especially in the Catholic countries of Latin Amer ica. Does this not explain Castro's peculiar demand of th Bolivian authorities that they return to him Guevara' body, not merely that the corpse be authenticated bu that the actual bones of St. Che come to rest in the hol ground of the revolution that spawned him?

However it may be in Latin America, Che's legen in the U.S. has no element of mystical pessimism. Ch is rather the man of action, the fighting guerrilla, th revolutionary who goes into the hills and brings two three . . . many Vietnams down upon the heads of th imperialist oppressors. And it does not matter so muc that Che himself failed. Where he fell two, three . . many Guevaras may spring up, from Pasadena to Morn ingside Heights. The Sierra Maestra and the Andes ar replaced by university buildings and urban intersection indulgently cleared for demonstrations. And the revolu tion grows and spreads, manned by college boys with n thought of a Philby-like master plan inching thirty year into the future, with no thought of the future at all, bu with the glorious sensation of commitment to revolutio now. To live the revolution as Che lived it, openly an

## So Long, Earl

Easy on the criminal,
  Tough on the cop;
Warren is *finally*
  Going to stop.
Not that it matters.
  The damage is done.
Fortas and Thornberry:
  On with the fun!
Isn't it curious?
  All my dislike
Stems from a Justice
  Appointed by Ike.

W. H. VON DREELE


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without pretense—that's the goal of the now generation.

Finally, the publication of Che's papers confirms what anti-Communist observers of the Latin American scene have long emphasized—that a direct link exists between the Castro government and "indigenous" student and guerrilla disturbances in other countries. Revolutions are not born but made, was Guevara's own way of putting it. The Castro-Guevara brand of revolution is not less dangerous for being in essence what old-line Marxist-Leninists have long denounced as "ultra-leftism, an infantile disorder"—on the contrary. Having seized the imaginations of young people it strengthens the offensive capability of hemispheric Communism to an incalculable degree. It's a perfect substitute for missiles in Cuba.

## How to Breed a Junta

That old Aunt Jane of the left, the *New Republic,* has been emitting some very unladylike shrieks of glee at the performance of Senator McCarthy in the New York primary elections. "If there were lingering doubts about the gut determination [Aunt Jane talks dirty] of people in every walk of life to effect a real change in the country's political direction and its leadership, the New York primary returns should dispel them," the magazine intoneth, June 29. It points out that McCarthy copped half of the Presidential delegates and that Paul O'Dwyer, a McCarthyite, upset the applecart by winning the senatorial nomination against very powerful opposition.

"It is a vote the Democratic political establishment had better heed," says Aunt Jane, "if it wants to avoid a debacle in November."

The language of menace is evident. The Democratic Left is saying to the Democratic Party: Do as we say, or we'll break your back. The extra-party machinery already exists in the form of the Coalition for a Democratic Alternative, which, says the *New Republic,* was "organized only six months ago but is already an effective political instrument. . . ."

The CDA has been active mostly in New York, so far. A couple of weekends ago, however, a thousand Democrats met in Chicago to plan a national fourth party. They would like McCarthy to be their man. Election laws would permit a nationalized CDA to qualify for the ballot in 27 states after the August 29 close of the Democratic Convention. With George Wallace's campaign qualified in all but a few states, the intrusion of still another, fourth, entrant would increase the likelihood of throwing the Presidential election into the House of Representatives. The Peace and Freedom Party is already qualified in California (though not particularly pro-McCarthy).

We would be happy to see the Democrats chew each other up, but not at the expense of the two-party system at the national level. That way lies chaos. Multi-party politics breed instability, turmoil, ideological confrontations rather than political compromise, shifting coali tions, stagnation, and finally the kind of terminal con fusion that can be cured only by the strong man—i France by de Gaulle, in Greece by the junta, in Spai and Portugal by Franco and Salazar, in Germany, once by Hitler.

If the Left wants to pave the way for a junta, it shoul keep doing exactly what it's doing now.

## Missile Talks

That the Soviet Union should suddenly, at this particu lar juncture in the history of the military-strategic bal ance, accept an old U.S. offer of talks on limiting offen sive and defensive missiles should come as no surprise In debates prior to the Senate's recent decision to g ahead with deployment of Sentinel, the "thin" $5 billio missile defense against a possible Chinese attack, th Administration for the first time acknowledged openl that Sentinel is considered the first step in deploymen of a $40 billion anti-Soviet system. In fact, a decision o the major system has not yet been made, and the Unite States is going to be reluctant to put out that kind o money. With their new move, the Soviets can hope: a to encourage that reluctance, b) to bring pressure o Bonn to sign the non-proliferation treaty despite ne Communist pressures on Berlin, and c) perhaps (befor Richard Nixon, whom they greatly fear, becomes Presi dent) actually to reach some sort of agreement wit the United States.

This last gives cause for concern. Will the notoriou Soviet foxiness and the notorious American naivet confront each other once again across the internationa

**"Heads—we bomb the embassy; tails—we work o our theses and send our laundry home to Mother.**


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conference table? President Johnson talks of a new "spirit of accommodation," Senator Mansfield of the "fresh air of new hope," Senator Percy of a new "step toward sanity." But the realities of international power politics do not admit of such airiness. More tough-mindedness is required, and a reminder that there is a horrible new importance to being outfoxed in the nuclear age when a single unexpected technological breakthrough by the enemy may spell defeat.

Nor is this a good time for the United States to be so enthusiastically backing off from the nuclear arms race. The Soviet Union has, since losing the Cuban missile confrontation in the fall of 1962, been quietly building up its strategic strength. Latest reports show the U.S. land-based ICBM force at 1,054 to 1,000 for the Soviets, U.S. sub-launched missiles at 656 to 50 for the Soviets. But Soviet forces are growing fast and ours are "stabilized." A report of the American Security Council last year estimated that, in terms of total deliverable megatonnage, the U.S. and USSR will by 1971 have reversed their 1962 relationship, a prediction that lends substance to Nixon's recently voiced fears that American strategic superiority is in "increasing doubt" and to General LeMay's, in his new book, that *America is in Danger.*

Seven years of Robert McNamara's strategic thinking may be in large part responsible. "Superiority is not superiority is not superiority," the former Secretary of Defense told a *Life* reporter, meaning you can't use nuclear weapons to project political power, a questionable strategic assumption since that is exactly what we did in the Cuban crisis. McNamara encouraged nuclear parity with the Soviets on the grounds that it would promote "stability" in the balance of terror. Stewart Alsop once asked him when the Soviets would get invulnerable missiles that could be used in a retaliatory strike, and he replied, "The sooner the better," a comment that moved Linus Pauling to remark that the United States should build some Polaris submarines for Russia.

## Notes & Asides

This column is shortened in this Fourth of July issue, along with the rest of the magazine. Time only to remark a single piece of news, appropriate to the Spirit of Independence. The State of New York's highest court, the Court of Appeals, has unanimously upheld the (also unanimous) ruling of the Appellate Division upholding Judge Samuel Silverman's dismissal, in the trial court, of Dr. Linus Pauling's suit against NATIONAL REVIEW. The fabled Louis Nizer appeared before the Court of Appeals in behalf of Dr. Pauling, opposed by Mr. C. Dickerman Williams, who continued his brilliant advocacy in the cause of NATIONAL REVIEW and free speech.

One final step is available to Dr. Pauling, should he wish to take it: application to the Supreme Court for a writ of certiorari, the granting of which would put the case before the Court for final review. If such application is either not made within ninety days from the Court of Appeals' ruling, or, being made, not granted, the six-year struggle that has sapped our resources and our energy—and your resources and your good patience —will come to rest, its epitaph spoken by the Court of Appeals in the words we here record for posterity:

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STATE OF NEW YORK
Court of Appeals
No. 459 67
Linus C. Pauling, Appellant, vs.
NATIONAL REVIEW, Inc., & ors., Respondents.
PER CURIAM:

We agree that the complaint before us was properly dismissed.

It is unnecessary to decide whether the charges leveled by the defendants against the plaintiff are true or justified. The statements which they made concerned one who, concededly, was and is a "public figure." (See *Curtis Publishing Co.* v. *Butts,* 388 U.S. 130, 162.) Accordingly, we need go no further than to say that we find, as did the courts below, that the plaintiff failed to establish the fact, essential to the cause of action, that the defendants published the statements in question either with "knowledge" of their falsity or with "reckless disregard" of whether they were true or false (*New York Times Co.* v. *Sullivan,* 376 U.S. 254, 279-280; see, also, *Pickering* v. *Board of Education, No. 510,* 36 USLW 4495, 4498 [decided June 3, 1968]) or with a "high degree of awareness" of their probable falsity (*Garrison* v. *Louisiana,* 379 U.S. 64, 74) or that the defendants "in fact" entertained "serious doubts" as to their truth. (*St. Amant* v. *Thompson,* 36 USLW 4333, 4334 [decided April 29, 1968].)

The order appealed from should be affirmed, with costs.

* *

Order affirmed, with costs. Opinion Per Curiam. All concur except Keating, J., taking no part.

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Under New York law a plaintiff in a libel case is not required to reimburse the defendant, when his suit is determined to be without merit, for the vast expenses to which the libel claim has doomed him. We do, though, have the small pleasure of reporting that the Court has ordered Dr. Pauling to fork over to NATIONAL REVIEW the sum of $1,779.81 to cover certain special costs of the appeal proceeding, chiefly printing. That'll be the check we'll love to touch. **—W.F.B.**

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JAMES BURNHAM

# THE NEW LEFT AND THE RIGHT

## THE THIRD WORLD WAR

A conservative friend of mine who does a good deal of professional talking mentioned the other day that on discussion programs, lately, he is often pitted with a liberal and a New Leftist. "In the old days," he said, "I was always battling a liberal-Old Left united front. With the current setup, I usually find myself ganged up with the New Leftist against the liberal." My friend is not alone in having noted a seeming affinity between New Left and Right.

In an article ("Confessions of a Right-Wing Liberal") appropriately published in *Ramparts* (June 15 issue), Professor Murray N. Rothbard recounts how it came about that one who "twenty years ago was an extreme right-wing Republican" is today happy writing for *Ramparts* and convinced that "if we would salvage liberty . . . this needs to be done by a counter-fusion of old right and new left." I doubt Professor Rothbard will comprehend the chuckles with which *Ramparts*' sophisticated readers will savor the naiveté of his face-saving boast that "my basic political views have not changed by a single iota in these two decades!"

It is not surprising that critics of the status quo who differ among themselves should make the same negative points. The critics naturally select the most vulnerable and distasteful traits for emphasis. These negative coincidences may be of theoretical interest but they do not have much political significance. Politics cannot be understood by examining the abstract content of the formulas used. *Everyone*, after all, is for Liberty, Justice, Peace and Prosperity.

The New Left teaches us by its acts the real meaning of its political doctrine. We have had a chance to observe embryonic New Left societies—soviets—at Berkeley, Howard, Columbia, Rome, West Berlin, Chicago, the Sorbonne, various draft boards and city halls. We learn that New Left "participatory democracy" means the coercion—by putsch tactics, "intoxication," violence—of the majority by a self-nominated minority elite; that the romantically anarchic New Left freedoms include the freedom to defame, assault and imprison opponents, to deface and destroy the structures, records and artifacts of the existing socal order.

### *At the Barricades*

The fundamental aim of conservatives is to preserve the inherited structure of civilization against the continuous threat of barbarism; meanwhile, if possible, to improve that structure, but first, to preserve. Fundamentally, conservatives criticize liberalism because its practices weaken the institutional defense against barbarism and its ideas sap the will to resist barbarism. But the real Left—the revolutionary, Communist Left, New as Old—is of a different order. Its specific objective is to overthrow, to destroy what it calls "capitalism," the establishment," "the status quo," "the consumer society"—all meaning the existing structure of such civilization as we have been able to manage. Of course the destruction is in the name of a new and higher kind of society, but that does not alter its nihilistic relation to the civilized order we know and have.

It follows that conservative opposition to the revolutionary Left is strategic and total, whereas its opposition to liberalism is tactical and contingent. (I am dealing here with *political* opposition, not with philosophical differences, which might be judged "total"—i.e., entailing logical incompatibility—in both cases.) There cannot be an honest united front between conservatives and New Leftists against liberals. As against the New Leftists, conservatives should rather seek to join forces with liberals; should be ready, if necessary, to defend liberals against New Left attacks.

The ultimate meaning of politica relationships is revealed in the ultimat test: a revolutionary situation. Or which side of the barricades do you line up? The revolutionary situation in France this spring again confirmed tha conservatives and New Leftists line up inevitably, on opposite sides of the bar ricades. Liberals hesitate, mill aroun and in the end divide, the proportion on each side being determined by the course of the struggle.

### *Beware: Optimists Present*

Some persons on the American Righ have been confused by the New Left's seeming adherence to a "libertarianism" similar to their own. But libertarianism does not define a distinctive politica position. With respect to many rights and liberties the Warren Court has been much more libertarian than any one on the Right. In these matters of rights and liberties, what differentiates conservatives from radicals and revolutionaries, and Right from Left, is the attitude toward economic rights, "property rights," which do not appear on *any* left-wing litany.

Actually, the new Left's libertarianism is a verbal façade. The Leninist Lef also declared that through the revolution "proletarian democracy" would replace the fakery of a "bourgeois democracy" which in fact is capitalist dictatorship; and that proletarian democracy would evolve into the complete freedom of Communist society. The outcome of New Left as of Old Left prescriptions must in practice be totalitarian despotism. "During the Terror [of the great French Revolution]," observed George Sorel, "the men who spilt most blood were precisely those who had the greatest desire to let their equals enjoy the golden age they had dreamt of, and who had the most sympathy with human wretchedness: optimists, idealists and sensitive men, the greater desire they had for univeral happiness the more inexorable they showed themselves." □



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INTEGRATION: DOES IT WORK?

*Is integration, the nation's official solution to the race question, an achievable goal, or is it only a grand illusion? Herewith a report on one self-advertised "model" community, the first of its kind. Is it the last?*

# THE LUDLOW PRECEDENT

SAUL FRIEDMAN

*. . . We take editorial privilege to cknowledge here the wonderful con-ibutions made by the residents, friends nd supporters of the Ludlow Com-unity Association. We are proud of ou, ourselves and our accomplish-ients for 1967. Plans for 1968 are qually exciting and promising. You ill know what has been left out. We re sure you will understand.*

*"To those who don't know and un-erstand, 'Come live with us and. . . .'"*

—from the 1967 Annual Report of the Ludlow Community Association

SHAKER HEIGHTS is the plush residential community lying ad-icent to the southern border of Cleve-nd, Ohio. The brainchild of two en-erprising Cleveland capitalists (the 'an Sweringen brothers, whose swing-ng methods led them to bankruptcy in ne Depression), Shaker was incorpo-ated in 1911 as a planned community 'ith large lots and a vital rapid transit nk (operated by the brothers) to owntown Cleveland. Since becoming city in 1930, this community of 40,-00 persons has epitomized the Ameri-an Dream to many. Its tree-lined oulevards are broad, clean and safe. Ieat colonial and split-level dwellings n the $20,000 to $40,000 range are 'ithin the reach of carpenters and ostal clerks who have the added pres-ge of sharing hedges with doctors, awyers, or cellists of the Cleveland Orchestra. Better than 90 per cent of ne graduating class of Shaker Heights Iigh School, where academic achieve-nent norms consistently surpass na-ional averages, attend college. Shaker anks among the top ten cities in the ation in per capita income. To Ne-roes in nearby Hough, Italians on Murray Hill, or Hungarians out on Buckeye Road, Shaker means minks, Imperials and vacations on Capri. This illusion is even shared by some status-seeking residents of the community who indulge themselves in the fantasy —and it is just that, a fantasy—that all good things come easily to those who simply make their homes in Shaker.

## *Block Busting*

Shaker is perhaps unique among the elite of American suburbs. Many of its educational institutions and residential districts (named for the elementary schools which serve as the foci of community activity and organizations—Ludlow, Moreland, Lomond, Sussex, etc.) are integrated. This is partially due to the agreement fifty years ago between the school boards of Shaker and Cleveland whereby Shaker Heights accepted responsibility for the education of those persons residing between Larchmere on the north, E. 132nd Street on the west, Abel Avenue on the south, and Haddam on the east, some twenty *Cleveland* city blocks. As Cleveland Negroes pushed toward E. 140-Kinsman from the inner city after World War II, they carried with them a natural desire to penetrate those contiguous twenty blocks serviced by the obviously superior Shaker Heights Board of Education. By 1956 some had even crossed over into Shaker Heights itself, into the district known as Ludlow.

With the arrival of the first Negro residents in Ludlow, whites in the area panicked and were stampeded by unscrupulous realtors, most of them black. Many of the long-time residents of Ludlow were "cosmos," hyphenated Americans of East European extraction with deep-seated antipathies towards Negroes. Many had moved away from neighborhoods on Cleveland's old East Side simply to get away from Negroes. For Sale signs sprouted on streets like Keswick, Albion, and Becket as homeowners sought to sell before their investments were wiped out by "falling property values." Block-busting realtors made house calls warning that tomorrow may be too late, tomorrow your neighbor may have sold. Neighbors ceased speaking and muttered unpleasantries behind one another's backs. White real estate agents abandoned the Ludlow market. Banks made it difficult for whites to finance homes in an area where mortgages were considered risky. Ludlow was following the classical pattern of many integrated neighborhoods, and sociologists at Western Reserve University could well predict in 1959 that by 1965 the area would be 85-90 per cent Negro.

Then a number of things occurred which changed this. The Shaker Council reacted to the panic by prohibiting the erection of additional For Sale signs. The absence of such signs had the practical effect of calming the residents, of braking the flight of whites. The circular and ovular nature of some streets in Ludlow, with their mini-parks and heavy shrubbery, worked to temper fears of Negro "colonization," or mass settlement of blacks on a particular street. People who could not see all the way to the end of Corby, Sebor, or Southington, who could not immmediately count the number of homes thus "integrated," felt safer than if they lived on linear streets. Finally, in the summer of 1956, residents of Ludlow were shocked out of their own self-concern by an incident of racial vandalism. A garage belonging to one of the first Negroes in the area was bombed. From this point, a number of

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whites and Negroes banded together to form the Ludlow Community Association. The goals of this group, which currently claims a membership of 500, were to stabilize property values and real estate demands in an effort to bring true integration to Ludlow, to maintain quality schools, and to create good public and community relations.

The LCA did not really mount an effective attack until 1959, a time when Ludlow was already 40 per cent Negro and no white broker had shown a home there in three years. The Association concentrated on bringing about a racial balance between whites and blacks in the area. To this end it prepared elaborate brochures, sent copy to local newspapers (including the ethnic ones) and even advertised in national journals like the *Saturday Review*, the *New Republic*, and the *National Observer*, extolling the virtues of life in Ludlow, the Shaker schools, the wonderful shops of Shaker Square, and the district's propinquity to Cleveland's cultural center of Case-Western Reserve, Severance Hall, and the Art Museum. The Association organized block clubs throughout the community, sponsored open houses, held community picnics, underwrote a speakers' bureau which traveled about Cuyahoga County telling people of the positive aspects of integrated living, and cooperated with WKYC-TV in the production of a short film entitled *When Ludlow Stopped Running*. This film, available across the country, was given the Brotherhood Award of the National Conference of Christians and Jews in 1967.

Through it all, the predictions of the sociologists were defied. The flight of Ludlow's white population tapered off and some fifty new white families actually moved into the area, so that presently some 225 of 550 single homes in the area are owned by white families and 325 by Negroes. The LCA has been chiefly responsible for the maintenance of this delicate racial balance of 55 per cent black, 45 per cent white in Ludlow. Its Housing Office assisted buyers and sellers alike by keeping a record of "prospects," some of them dating back several years. When a house went on the market, the LCA provided escort service to whites and Negroes alike and even offered financial assistance up to $5,000 through the Ludlow Company, incorporated to help families unable to obtain bank loans. The 1967 Housing Report attested to the stability of Ludlow. During that year ten homes were sold by white families to other white families, five by Negroes to other Negroes, two by Negroes to whites, and two by whites to Negroes. According to Housing Coordinator Ann Weisheimer, there are only five homes for sale in Ludlow today. She adds, however, that stability could not have been accomplished without the active cooperation of Negroes seeking homes in Ludlow, who were directed to other communities, mostly to communities in the process of integrating, to avoid the headlong ghettoization of the Ludlow community that had been predicted.

The apparent success of the Ludlow Community Association prompted other districts in Shaker, faced with similar problems, to organize their own associations. In adjacent Moreland, where whites and Negroes each constitute some 50 per cent of the population, in Lomond further east, where the ratio is seventy per cent white and thirty per cent Negro, and finally in Sussex at the eastern extremity of Shaker Heights, where the figures run 90 per cent white and ten per cent Negro, residents organized, patterning their community associations after the LCA, which by the mid-1960s had become so celebrated that it was cited in social studies texts across the nation. Ultimately, to avoid further Balkanization of the community, Shaker Heights Mayor Paul K. Jones opened the Shaker Communities Housing Office in July 1967, under the direction of Barry Mullaney. The function of this office was to coordinate the activities of the various community associations and to carry out their tasks of prospecting for new residents, working with real estate brokers, and advertising across the nation.

> NEGROES WHO NOW live in the Ludlow area have had to urge other Negroes wishing to buy in the Ludlow area to look elsewhere. 'It tears my heart to have to try to convince a family that our lukewarm reaction to their overtures to buy a Ludlow home are based on principles of integration and not because we don't want them,' one Negro resident said."
>
> —*Publicity handout, The Ludlow Community Association*

The activities of the LCA did not cease with the assimilation of its housing coordinators under the office of the mayor. Its members continue to meet and to promote integration throughout Shaker Heights and other communities. It has liaisons with groups in previously lilywhite suburbs of Cleveland's West Side, has contacted interested parties in the intransigent Slavic suburbs of Cleveland's South Side, has assisted neighboring Cleveland Heights with the organization of a united community association and has been active in the Catholic Interracial Conference.

Residents of Ludlow are proud of the fact that Ludlow "didn't just happen." Professor Marvin Sussman, Chairman of the Department of Sociology at Case-Western Reserve University has said, "As far as I know, this is the only comparable area in America which has reached racial stabilization through the voluntary efforts of members of the community." If you ask members of the Association why Ludlow succeeded where so many others failed, the answer will always come back, "Because of the people." This is what I learned from Mayor Jones. A small, bespectacled man with a gruff voice, Jones has been mayor of Shaker Heights since 1962. There was some talk at the time of his election that he was the white candidate, that he might stem the tide of integration, but all of his actions since coming to office have belied that. "We had a unique thing in Ludlow," he says. "We were fortunate because in Shaker Heights property values are stable. But more important, we were fortunate because we had a group of intelligent people who did not panic when Negroes began to move into the area. The first thing that people must realize is that it's senseless to panic or to run. Where are you going to run? I think that as people become more enlightened they will realize that their fears of integration are senseless." When asked if the city had *ever* had *any racial problems or incidents* since the integration process began, Mayor Jones replied, "None whatever."

Shaker Heights does seem to have changed very little since 1959. True, some homes in Ludlow, and particularly in Moreland, seem to need touch up repairs, but that is so even for houses in segregated suburbs like Fair


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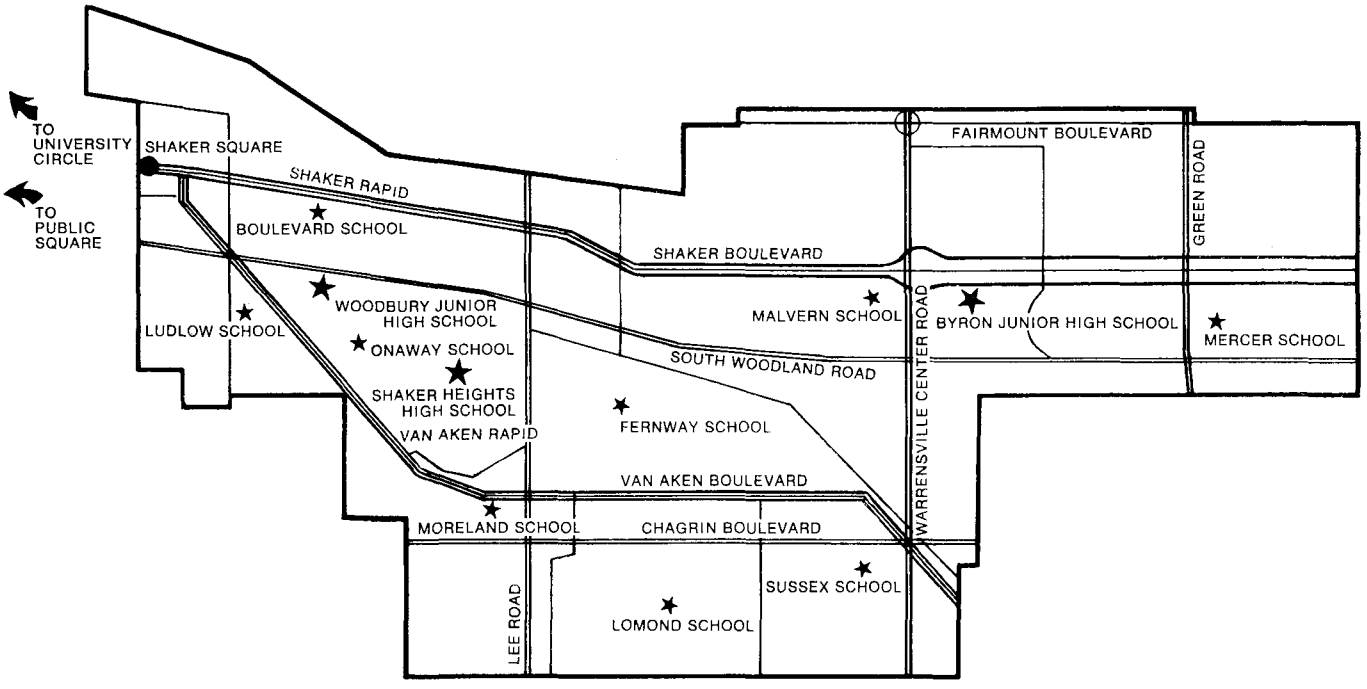
'iew Park or Beachwood after a hard Ohio winter. Some of the hundred iomes built in Ludlow since 1956 do iot seem to blend well with earlier :olonial styles in the area. Many are ›ddly-formed split-levels, moderns, pro-otypes of Swiss chalets which may of-end one's sense of esthetics, but this oo is relatively insignificant. Some 'ards in the various districts have been ieglected, but the community associa-ions concede this and are constantly naking efforts to rectify the situation hrough vigilant physical standards :ommittees.

Forty-one-year-old Ludlow School ooks much the same as it did before ntegration threatened to rend the dis-rict which bears its name. The Lud-ow Creed, a plaque which continues o hang on the wall of the first floor, ıdvocates making Ludlow a better place o live, fairness in sports, respect for ›roperty rights, and honesty. Nine years ıgo, the enrollment at Ludlow was 209. Today it is 350. Half of the students ıre white, half of them black. All of hem personify the desire of the com-nunity to make integration succeed. The walls of this extremely clean build-ng are studded with signs in the let-ering of little children, preaching love, ›eace and brotherhood. "Children fight, ›ut are not suppose [sic] to," reads ›ne. "Some children can get together ınd have clubs," reads another. "Mr. Carl Stokes can help us too." "We should love everyone." "If I ruled the world, I would not let slavery come back."

> ONE OF THE newer white families to move into Ludlow is that of Ron Spetrino, Cleveland West district traffic manager. His decision to move into the neighborhood was two-fold. 'We have an excellent home with a community environment that my wife and I feel is un-equaled for raising our children. Here we learn to appreciate peo-ple for what they are and not for what they appear to be.' "
>
> —*Publicity handout, The Ludlow Community Association*

Still, Ludlow School has its problems. For a time, the school performance on aptitude tests, usually at or above Shaker medians, dropped as whites moved out of the area. Now, however, despite shortcomings in facilities (the school needs a new library and audi-torium) and in certain academic areas (particularly mathematics and reading), the school is again close to, and in some cases above, Shaker norms in test-ing. In fact, school officials are proud of pointing out that student scores to-day are generally *above* the averages posted by Ludlow prior to integration. Part of this is attributable to the active assistance of parents and volunteers from the LCA who assist the school throughout the day. Part of it is at-tributable to the teachers who spend extra time before and after school hours with children who for various reasons (famiily problems, the trauma of entering Shaker schools from the inner city) have not performed up to what the press and even some educators in freer moments have euphemistically termed "Shaker standards."

The Board of Education, of course, rejects the entire concept of "Shaker standards." According to Dr. John H. Lawson, Superintendent of Shaker schools, "We don't ask a new boy or girl to adjust to us. We adjust to them to maintain standards. We are willing to experiment." As an example of this, the high school and two junior high classes function in several divisions based on intellectual achievement. As a student makes his own individual prog-ress, he may be promoted laterally from Level I to Level II without dis-turbing the normal continuity of the learning process. Administrative As-sistant Gardner Dunnan adds, "Integra-tion has actually helped throughout the Shaker school system. It has better pre-pared our youngsters to live in a larger society. It forces our teachers to be aware of individual differences, to be sensitive to national developments and implications." →

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There is no question but that the Shaker Board of Education is committed at once to quality education and integration. Eighteen hundred of Shaker's more than 8,000 students are Negro and the Board has attempted to deal forthrightly with their peculiar problems. At the elementary school level, it has instituted group teaching methods, multiracial readers, group projects on Negro history and culture, expanded the use of audio-visual equipment, and sought assistance from the Federal Government under Title I of the National Education Act to provide special reading or art classes in summer and field trips throughout the state. For all levels, it has made available three full-time speech therapists, reading analysts, two full-time psychologists, a consulting psychiatrist, and a consulting clinical psychologist. Recently, the Board approved a redistricting plan for better division and racial balance of black and white students in the two junior high schools, Woodbury and Byron, the former having drawn virtually all of the Negro students in Shaker. At the high school level, the Board has given active encouragement to the Youth Council for Human Relations, sponsored special cultural projects during National Brotherhood Week and Negro History Week, and approved symposiums discussing the special problems facing Negroes in Shaker Schools.

### *Behind the Show Window*

And through it all, the chief administrators of various schools in Shaker maintain that integration has not affected educational standards. According to them IQs have not dropped, delinquency has not gone up, behavioral problems have not increased in the past ten years, but academic performance, measured by test scores, has improved appreciably in the same time. Superintendent Lawson has even stated that *without* integration a community cannot provide quality education.

George Melton, Principal of Woodbury Junior High, where some 25 per cent of the students are Negro, has noted that the number of students receiving Dad's Club keys for academic excellence has increased almost every year since Ludlow first was integrated. He adds that in his five years as principal he has never encountered any difficulty not previously encountered in a totally white school. At Moreland Elementary School, ebullient Orville Jenkins estimates that no more than thirty of 600 students could by any stretch of the imagination be termed behavior problems. And recently Shaker High Principal Stanavage delighted a meeting of the LCA by reading from a report which condemned widespread vandalism at the high school. Scoffing at those who expressed concern about increasing hooliganism in the community, Stanavage noted that he was reading from a report dated 1942.

Yet despite the enthusiasm and apparent commitment of Shaker officials and residents, one cannot help but feel that things are not really as harmonious as some would have them seem. Public utterances to the contrary notwithstanding, Shaker is not a well-integrated community. There are no Negroes among its firemen or on its police force. Although black children constitute better than 25 per cent of the student population (1,800 of 8,000), less than 2 per cent of the 500 administrators, teachers and specialists employed by the Board of Education are Negro. But most significant, virtually *all* of the Negroes in this city live south of Van Aken Boulevard, south of the rapid transit line which serves as an artificial barrier to true integration, insulating the residents of three-quarters of the community from the integrated districts of Ludlow, Moreland, Lomond and Sussex. The LCA can talk of victories in placing four families across Van Aken (merely on the tip of the all-white settlement) and Mayor Jones may attribute this virtual segregation to prices which are too high for Negroes or to their unwillingness to buy older homes in the Boulevard, Onaway or Fernway districts, but Housing Director Mullaney is more succinct. He admits that most of the people north of Van Aken do not *want* to integrate. They will permit their children to attend schools with Negroes, but that is as far as it goes. They will not sell to Negroes. Realtors in Shaker are keenly aware of this fact. Because they do not wish to lose potential business in the lily-white regions north of Van Aken, they are reluctant to be the first to show homes to Negroes. "It's not so much a problem south of Van Aken," Mullaney told me. "Whites accept integration there as a fact of life. But it's a different story on the north side."

The area north of Van Aken is host to the Shaker Heights Country Club and the Canterbury Country Club, both segregated, neither of which admits Jews, though Jews constitute a rather significant element of the Shaker Heights population. The attitude of the people on this side of the rapid tracks was demonstrated several years ago when a new municipal swimming facility, Thornton Pool, was opened near Byron Junior High. Much opposition was raised to the idea of permitting Ludlow school children who resided in Cleveland to use the pool. Mayor Jones and the spokesmen for the community association shrug off the incident, preferring the view that Shaker residents were reluctant to permit non-residents to use their facilities. In fact, the incident did have racial overtones—the fear of residents in the all-white sectors that the pool would be overrun by Negroes from lower economic levels. Ultimately a compromise was worked out whereby Ludlow students were accommodated, but hard feelings have persisted to this day.

### *Buildings Inspections Lag*

Residents of white Shaker justify their stand on integration by pointing to the situation which exists in the Invermere section of Cleveland directly south of Shaker's southern boundary Scottsdale Boulevard, and more specifically to the Moreland district within their own city limits. Most of the houses along Invermere are in drastic need of repairs. Tiny colonials built after the Second World War, they were hastily sold to Negroes during panic selling in the mid-1950s. The weather-beaten homes are neglected and the yards are in dreadful shape. No community pride exists in Invermere. In Moreland, where Negroes constitute 50 per cent of the population, older two-family dwellings and some colonials have fallen onto poor times. Shaker Buildings Inspector Arnold Vales informed me that he and his staff of five men go out into the area every day, but are really unable to keep pace with the work demand in Moreland. "The problem in Moreland," he said, "is getting people to spend money to rehabilitate these houses. They claim they haven't got any." Ultra-rich Shaker Heights is actually negotiating for federal funds to combat urban blight, mainly in Moreland. "If we let things go," Vales adds, "the area would de-


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teriorate into outright slums within five years."

Worse yet, Moreland School, heaviest in Negro enrollment among Shaker's nine elementary schools (some 90 per cent of its 600 students are black) ranks last in academic achievement among the schools. (Ludlow ranks fourth.) Some teaching personnel have encountered difficulties working here and have been transferred out. Various specialists and therapists employed by the Board of Education spend much of their time here. The Board, which is reluctant even to divulge the exact breakdown on enrollment by race at any of its institutions, is even more reluctant to discuss the performance of its students on tests according to race. Nevertheless, it has conceded that Moreland School does not perform as well as other Shaker schools. People offer fulsome apologies about the fact that Moreland students still do better than those in the inner city, that the district has always been the point of entry into Shaker Heights for lower economic groups, that Moreland traditionally has had lower achievement scores than the other schools in Shaker. And yet the School Board is deliberately chary about analyzing achievement scores by race for fear that the results might be provocative. I was told the Board did not compile such statistics "because of the sensitiveness of the issue" and because such statistics "can so easily be misinterpreted."

The Board's reluctance is not surprising. Such information as is available, about juvenile delinquency for instance, does not bear out the official view of a happily integrated community. From coordinators and residents in Ludlow to City Hall officials and school administrators, there is a tendency to downgrade the effect of integration upon juvenile delinquency in Shaker Heights. I was repeatedly told that there had been no appreciable rise in delinquency since the city first became integrated. The facts, according to Richard A. Gallitto, Chief Statistician of the Cuyahoga County Juvenile Court, speak quite the opposite. In 1959, when the Ludlow Community Association began its work in earnest, Shaker reported eighteen delinquency cases. In 1966, the number had risen to sixty-five. That was still less than one per cent of the total delinquency cases (7,296) reported in Cuyahoga County for the year. But the rise in Shaker was 361 per cent. In the same period the number of delinquency cases throughout the county had risen 176 per cent. Shaker's delinquency rise, then, was more than double that of the rest of the county, including famed Hough. Perhaps even more significant was the fact that in this period the three census tracts covering the interracial districts of Ludlow, Moreland, Lomond and Sussex accounted for more than 75 per cent of all delinquency cases in Shaker.

Have the associations been myopic or deliberately misleading? The Big Rock Candy Mountain brochure issued by the Shaker Communities Office in an effort to lure buyers to their districts shows sixteen whites and seven Negroes working, playing, living in total harmony. The Lomond brochure promoting the positive aspects of a community 30 per cent Negro shows pictures of twelve whites and three Negroes. The Moreland catalogue, issued by a community 50 per cent white, 50 per cent black, shows fifty whites and only ten Negroes.

How harmonious are the relations between the races in Shaker? Housing Director Mullaney admitted he had heard of "some incidents," "some lurid stories," but added, "They were nothing serious. Just isolated quarrels among children." Perhaps it is the Negro children who are most keenly aware that a gap does in fact exist between black and white. While they may attend school with whites from kindergarten on, by the time they reach high school they find themselves segregated by race in lunchrooms. It is rare to see integrated groups marching to or from school. In 1966 the high school was the scene of hostile student dialogues over race. Negro students startled the administration by branding members of their own race who had served on the student council or athletic teams, "Uncle Toms" or "Sally Do-Goods." Some asserted all whites were rich, had maids, and went on vacations. And one raised the touchy subject of why the *only* fraternizing between the races took place between white girls and Negro boys. In a community dedicated to integration from childhood, no one could answer that question. I was sidestepped with: "Interracial dating occurs at dances. It's pretty much on an individual basis and reflects the attitudes of those students."

Some members of the community associations recognize that they have not altogether prevailed against bigotry

(continues on p. 709)



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THE GHETTO: CAN IT PROSPER?

*Teen-age gangs are bad things, right? Wrong. Not since Kingfish showed the Mystic Knights how to keep a city from blowing up, and how to bring independence to the black ghetto. Stay tuned*

# THE UNFINISHED STORY OF KINGFISH COHEN

MORGAN J. DOUGHTON

KINGFISH BEN COHEN lives in the midst of the dilapidated North Philadelphia ghetto, the city's worst. It houses the new immigrants from the South and the successive waves of human driftwood cast up by "renewal" elsewhere in the city; it houses the poorest of the poor. Kingfish Cohen is black, and he is the kind of leader every city needs if that city is to avoid riot-torn summers: a young man who has learned how to channel constructively the explosive energies of the city's powerful youth gangs.

Kingfish has an eighth-grade education. He's 32, married, with four kids. He owns and runs a small junk business. And he's nobody's man: not the mayor's, the police commissioner's, the district attorney's, the NAACP's, the Black Guard's, or some social agency's. No one *bought* his actions to keep the peace last summer, although offers were made. In fact, Kingfish and his troops scoff at the "white hats" approach made famous through Tampa's hiring of gang leaders as police aides: this works only once, if then. It's a matter of pride. I mean, next time those pretty hats'll be the target. Dig?

Kingfish lives in the midst of a run-down block of homes which were strung in a sturdy row a half-century ago and which today lean against each other in tired decay. His home is not an ordinary home, though. It's headquarters for a vibrant organization which the city's Negro youth gangs support with fierce loyalty because it's theirs: they built it, they run it, they protect it.

Several years ago, Kingfish began to recognize that the youth gangs were one of the city's major forces for change. His own block showed it. When he moved in, it was largely a white block with just three soul brothers among forty families. It stayed that way until a gang rumble brought a climate of fear. Then For Sale signs appeared in windows up and down the block.

## *Ganging Up in the Ghetto*

Like every ghetto-marked city, all Philadelphia has its structure of youth gangs, each with its own territory or turf. Those in North Philadelphia are the biggest and strongest. Some have over a thousand members. Festering youth unemployment has stretched their membership age-span well into the twenties; they're not exclusively teen-age by a long shot.

As individuals the gang members are accustomed to police action; most have been in trouble and many have served time. Collectively, the gangs are the occasional object of police attention; once in a while some righteous civic group asks that they be wiped out.

They survive, of course, along with the numbers, the vice and the rats which also find the ghetto a natural habitat. And the gangs are a rare male-dominated order in a society far too matriarchal.

Knowing that the city's normal youth-service structure didn't effectively reach the gangs and never could, Kingfish began to invite them to his home, as many as would fit. It wasn't easy. Even though he was close to them in age, even though he came from the same background, it was slow going. Building faith always is. They did have something in common, though, something often overlooked by those who feel that in ghetto work being black is enough. Like the kids, Kingfish had to live by his wits; nobody picked up his tab every week. He had their same fierce independence. He wasn't anybody's Tom.

The crowd grew. After a while, Kingfish found that the whole downstairs was being given over to nightly rock sessions. So he simply moved his family upstairs. Still the crowd grew. Aided by his brothers and young men from the gangs, he roofed over the back yard and cemented in a floor. A clubhouse was being born. The young men and their girls worked on and decorated it. They put a bandstand in one corner and booths along the walls. Kingfish's downstairs furniture came in; his own first floor became a reception area.

The NAACP helped by paying $1,000 to have plastering and wiring work done which municipal codes wouldn't let volunteers perform themselves. But the NAACP (which a decade ago boycotted "Amos 'n' Andy" as demeaning to the Negro image) was shocked when Kingfish and the "troops" decided to form an organization called the Knights of the Mystic Sea, the same name as the one which served as the setting for many an "Amos 'n' Andy" skit. Membership was free; headquarters was the Kingfish backyard clubhouse. And the kids came by the hundreds. By the end of the summer, the clubhouse was a regular hangout for members of 53 gangs in the city, the core of gang strength. Through the summer, no fewer than 3,500 different gang members came; Kingfish has "Knights" registrations and memberships to prove it.

The clubhouse was their thing. It was a place where the gang member could meet others on his own wavelength, all of them kids who were uncomfortable with the fun-and-games organizations sent into the ghetto to



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"help." A kid who couldn't be reached by a PAL or a Boys' Club (and who might not be trusted with their basketball even then) came here. A kid who would view black Boy Scouts (if he thought of them at all) as a sissy operation, run to please Whitey's bleeding heart, came here.

All through last summer, each night of the week found several hundred young men, most with their girls, jamming the clubhouse. There was always a turnaway crowd and never enough room. Each arrival was frisked as he entered; when the city was on the verge of blowing in August, it was common to collect three to five handguns and a dozen blades a night. As each kid registered, Kingfish built his own confidential record, gang by gang, so he'd know who was and wasn't being reached. He even discovered there was a "Young Great Society," plush with an anti-poverty grant—an effort to buy gang control; by summer's end, over 300 YGS members had become regulars in the Knights' clubhouse.

The Knights never had clubhouse trouble. Gang fights happen when some spark ignites hostility between *two* groups with turfs to protect or wrongs to right. In the clubhouse, those with grievances were always overwhelmingly outnumbered by those to whom the security of the clubhouse meant far more. Kingfish has his own field of honor, though. If two men must have it out, he clears out the clubhouse except for the principals and their corner men and hands out the boxing gloves. Combatants go at it for three-minute rounds. That's usually enough. To make sure, Kingfish established his own Mystic Police (MPs), drawn from the strongest men in each gang, who are the clubhouse security force.

Then came the long, burning 1967 summer which saw incidents fanned into riot and rebellion in 120 cities. Philadelphia had its incidents too, but no riot. Among the "ifs" which enabled the city to avoid a blowup (and it was on the list of prospects in May and June), we must number Kingfish Cohen. *If* Philadelphia had not had heavy rains many weekends (gratuitous assistance for which the whole northeast U.S. can be grateful); *if* Philadelphia had not had a most able police commissioner; and *if* Philadelphia had not had Kingfish Cohen, the city would certainly have come apart.

The makings were there: the usual stupid handling of urban renewal, which displaces more people than it helps; the entrenched political machine, which knows its programs are inadequate and therefore uses them merely to buy time and escape; the "social service" professionals, who have not yet learned that the poor will no longer tolerate having their planning done for them; the frustration-building system implicit in an "anti-poverty" program that lacks a political power base and therefore has to oversell itself in order to survive; the "we'll find you jobs" promises from City Hall and business alike, which again become an empty promise, missing the growing evidence that the poor resent as much as anything the assumption that all they want is an assigned place in someone else's industrial machine. (Detroit, take notice.)

Whether in Philadelphia, Tampa, Watts, Detroit, or Hartford, the youth gangs in all our ghettoes are pivotal influences determining whether the incident becomes the riot. They have organization, communication, energy, and leadership. The gang, in fact, represents the only city-wide non-police force which has loyalty and responsiveness to leadership, with instant communication to the very edges of the surrounding, indifferent suburbs.

These gangs also include the very best leaders of the young as we should think of the best: not the safe kids who are most easily attracted to the Scouts, Boys' Clubs and other service-type programs whose professional directors cope with real challenges to their control by excluding "nonconformists" and who make the real decisions behind a shallow façade of "participation."

Gangs cannot be broken or neutralized (in spite of much wishful thinking). They thrive in the ghetto, in which they are a rare instrument of self-determination in an over-administered and over-governed area of domestic colonialism. Gangs' energies can be channeled either way—downward to violence or upward to achievement. In fact, they will be: gang power is too great and attractive to stand like an idling motor. Somebody will want to put it in gear.

A dozen times last summer, incidents sufficient to trigger riots occurred in North, West and South Philadelphia. Several times extremists (Black Guards in particular) sought to provoke gang rumbles and bring provocative police intervention. Each provocation remained an incident, however. The gangs the Guards expected to carry the incident through the streets remained aloof. His troops always alerted Kingfish; he always was able to keep them out of the action.

It was much, much too close. During the worst week in August, it appeared he'd lost. By mid-week, word was out that the city would get the torch that weekend. On Thursday, Kingfish parked his truck in front of the clubhouse and started loading all the club gear. Word got around. The "troops" came, asking what was going on. Kingfish minced no words. If the

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city got the torch, what chance did he have to save the club? The boys got the message: something of their own was at stake. They told him they'd see that there was no fire. There was none.

### *Wooing Kingfish*

It is both amusing and tragic to observe the way in which the city powers-that-be reacted once they felt confident that the summer's threat was one their city had safely slipped past. By their nature, political animals fear anything in the ghetto they don't control, because in their book a dependent society has to be a controlled society, and any control brings power. So everybody tried to make Kingfish his man. Following time-honored ways, the police told him they might be able to make him a consultant to the force at $50 per week. Kingfish said no to both the amount and the concept. Kingfish did make it clear, however, that he needed more clubhouse space and sought several spaces across the street. In response to this show of independence the city quickly condemned the row and said that it would be demolished. Coincidence, hell. And a shame, because Kingfish's leadership and grip may not last through this summer.

Philadelphia has good police and a fine commissioner. Kingfish cooperates, but in the way any man should. He's no informer, not even an unpaid one. Instead, he decides on his own how to use the flow of information coming his way in the manner that best helps his city and best protects his troops, too.

After the hot summer the political "outs" did no better. While the incumbent mayor naturally paid no attention to Kingfish and his work because he needed all the quiet-summer credit he could get for himself, the party seeking to unseat him could only muster a good sense of the absurd as an alternative. Its mayoralty candidate asked Kingfish to assemble 200 gang leaders, and proceeded to subject them to speakers from another world. They talked about available jobs, to kids whose names on police blotters were one of many reasons why the jobs would never come their way; they talked about education to kids who saw in their neighbors the evidence that education made little difference; they talked about the things they'd do if City Hall were turned over to them (including the elimination of air pollution, no less). The kids roared and walked out.

Money? Kingfish can certainly use it. Local foundations have been no help; they turned down an informal, verbal request for support because Kingfish and his Knights aren't up to the professional standards of control with which foundation staffs are comfortable. Foundations have a lot to learn (as we all do) about how to give back to the disadvantaged the decision-making power we now assign to cadres of pros whose very expertness is a big part of the whole problem.

Everybody who *might* give money—public funds or private—"naturally" wants to keep his rubber band around the gift ready to snap it back if Kingfish and his troops get out of line. So, to finance the outfit, Kingfish has put in $2,000 of his own money; a small profit comes from chips and things served in the club. With this measly sum (that's all it took, you people who think that we can buy answers to our city's problems) Kingfish bought time for his city. He bought a year's reprieve.

Interestingly, Kingfish isn't using this year to march on City Hall; far from it. He has another plan entirely. He is starting to build independent economic power, steering his troops into small business interests of their own, legitimate businesses. In effect, he is setting up his own version of "Junior Achievement" (another of our white middle-class organizations whose greatest failure is in the area of their greatest need, the ghettoes, whose greatest need in turn may well be their total lack of capital). Kingfish wants to see his Knights become small manufacturers, shop-owners, craftsmen. Kingfish knows they can do it; he did. Kingfish also knows that the way to channel positively the energies of the leaders among the troops is to show them how their fierce independence can be an asset in making an honest buck. It doesn't take many; a few score successes will bring a gust of fresh air to a disadvantaged community whose air is polluted not by smoke but by systematic dependency.

Right now Kingfish is pretty much alone in his plan because we whites don't know how to build ghetto leadership without producing the extremes of sycophantic dependency (the Uncle Toms) and anti-white militancy (the Rap Browns). He'll do it, Kingfish will, because it's such a natural, gold-plated opportunity. Even the poorest do spend some money, and it doesn't take a college education to run a small business. (If you do get a diploma, soul brother, watch *big* business stand in line.)

### *Their Own Thing*

In a very important way, this desire for independence (as distinct from racial separation) is what riots and riot prevention are all about. Our riots coast to coast were the action of a very few, of thousands out of millions. Even these few cannot be stopped by police alone, for no law in this land succeeds solely through the force and threat behind it. These few will be stopped only when the other forces in the ghetto have something of their own at stake in peaceful progress and are making such progress through these things of their own.

Through the past winter and spring, Kingfish could not find help that also did not insist upon control. One ray of hope: Philadelphia's Negro-owned Businessmen's Development Corporation, probably the nation's best inner-city entrepreneurship group, raised funds among Negroes to make possible a lease on a building now the Knights' expanded clubhouse. Although modestly, Kingfish can move beyond the Knights' social base and build upon it a capacity to mold careers and men.

Kingfish is not unique. This spring, the nation witnessed similar positive acts on the part of youth gang organizations coast to coast, during the outbursts following Memphis. These youth leaders know that holding actions win no battles (and produce disgruntled followings). Invariably, they are in for a frustrating time. Even the businessman, whose commitment could be the nation's best new hope in the cities, is being maneuvered into moral and financial support of those service-to-dependency programs which the social service establishment desires but cannot publicly fund. More than the businessman's purse, the Kingfishes of the nation need the businessman's judgment scale in which a man's capacity is measured by his response to a challenge, not by his academic degrees. It is a scale at once pragmatic, competitive, and open to the independent spirit that, by the hundreds, is present in the ghetto today. □


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RUSSELL KIRK

# WHAT'S RELEVANT?

**FROM THE ACADEMY**

With reason, today's student on every campus often objects that his course of study "isn't relevant." This mood is not unhealthy, provided that one has more patience than did jesting Pilate, and stays for an answer. Indeed, the question of "relevance" is so moot nowadays that I took it for my theme in my commencement address at Mercy College, Detroit.

What do students mean when they raise the question of relevance? Relevant to what? I suppose that they mean, or ought to mean, "relevant to wisdom"—though some of them think only of "relevance to current affairs." The higher learning is supposed to open the way to the acquisition of wisdom.

There exist students, of course, to whom nothing seems relevant—because these students have no interest in any of the primary purposes of a true university or college.

Permit me, then, to say something about what is *not* relevant—which head includes much of the activity of the typical campus, especially of the "multiversity" which endeavors, in a non-Pauline sense, to be all things to all men.

First of all, the exploded notion of "adjustment to modern society" is not relevant to the true higher learning. Those who have read Evelyn Waugh's little novel, *Scott-King's Modern Europe*, will recall how its luckless hero learns by a summer's experience of modern society that it would be infinitely wicked to teach young men to adjust to life in the modern world. To adjust to the age of the mass state, of the concentration-camp, the secret police, and injustice triumphant, would be sin and shame. The higher learning is not meant to inculcate conformity to passing fad and foible, nor necessarily to present dominations and powers. It is intended, rather, to reveal to us the norms, the enduring standards, for the person and the republic. Adjustment to abnormality is ruinous policy.

Second, college and university do not exist to promulgate the latest quasi-intellectual novelties; for those are not relevant to enduring truth. Some subjects which are puffed up as related directly to the moment's reality are hopelessly unrealistic, actually. Some colleges and high schools offer courses in Swahili, for instance, as a token of interest in African peoples. Now while Swahili would be most useful to persons like your servant, who travel in Africa, it never will be employed by even one tenth of one per cent of a college's graduates; and no literature exists in that language. What a notion of relevance!

Similarly, the typical popular "non-Western studies" program in the typical college is irrelevant: an omnium-gatherum of isolated facts and opinions about every point east of Suez tells us nothing about normality; and if a student does not know his own culture first—especially when it is the world's triumphant culture—he cannot apprehend a culture he never has beheld.

Also the representative "current awareness" course, meant to inform the student of journalism or of international affairs, is a boondoggle, and irrelevant. For one can understand the events of the hours only in the perspective of history and great literature and philosophy—true subjects for college study. The present is merely a thin film upon the surface of the deep well of the past, and the future is unknowable: so the genuine college wisely confines itself to study of the permanently significant, rather than of ephemeral events with doubtful meaning.

Third, a misplaced vocationalism in the college is irrelevant to the pursuit of truth. This is especially so with attempts to prepare young people for taking a place in modern industry. Modern technology alters so rapidly that the college cannot possibly keep abreast of industrial methods. What the college should do is to discipline the intellect so that it may be applied in future to productive processes, as to many other matters. The university at which the student is "prepared for a job" is the university which condemns its graduates to the lot of base mechanicals.

To be succinct, the truly relevant things in a college are the permanent things, in T. S. Eliot's phrase. They are the body of knowledge not undone by modern winds of doctrine, or by the modern conflagration of will and appetite. The truths of the fifth century before Christ, or of the first century of the Christian era, possess as much meaning today as they did many centuries ago. Studying the permanent things, we are fortified in our contest against the multitudinous distresses of private life and of the commonwealth in this twentieth century. Among the genuinely relevant disciplines—supposing them to be taught by lovers of wisdom, and not by lovers of mere opinion—are theology, philosophy, humane letters, political theory, and of the sciences as means to the philosophical habit.

A hastily-got-up course in "urban problems," for instance, is irrelevant if the students—and perhaps the professor—are ignorant of the history of urban growth, of economics, of political thought, and of the other disciplines connected with the life of the city. Yet a course in urban affairs may be highly relevant to truth, and productive of good, if it integrates genuine intellectual studies and relates them to our present urban discontents.

If a formal education does not bear at all upon our personal and social difficulties today, of course it is a sham, and worthless: in that, the students of the New Left are quite right. But no modern authors are more genuinely relevant than are Plato and Augustine, say. Preoccupation with the passing pageant is merely the sort of "relevance" which the big commercial book-clubs sell; and college and university were not endowed for that purpose. □

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# The Philosophy of Pure Terror

*Negations*
*By Herbert Marcuse*
*Beacon, $7.50*

MAX GELTMAN

The philosophy of pure terror abounds and the acts of violence continue. (I write this on the day of the funeral of Senator Robert F. Kennedy.) Ideas *do* have consequences. We did not need the fine researches of Richard Weaver to teach us that. But we can be grateful to him for increasing our awareness of what is after all a matter of observable fact and felt intuition. Thus when the Left creates an epistemology enthroning violence as virtue (Frantz Fanon and Jean-Paul Sartre); when it writes *In Defense of Terror* (Trotsky); when it elevates to a high moral commitment students' attacks upon existing educational institutions to convert them into "counter-educational" seminaries for the teaching of revolution and destruction ("socially useful destructiveness"), as does Herbert Marcuse—then the consequences will be just those predicted and desired.

It is Marcuse's notion that American society is irrational, mentally deranged. That is its norm, he argues, hence any aberration from the norm is sanity. The "alienated" and "outsiders" represent the healthy organisms in our midst, the sick ones are all the rest of us—from President to peanut-vendor, from senator to sea-scout, from leader to led. The entire fabric of our society is rotten to the core, incurable, unredeemable. At the same time the Establishment—the mass media, including the more refined journals of opinion, the foundations, the church, and the entire educational structure—is a fraud. Herbert Marcuse would put you and me in jail; would stop our mouths, close down our publishing ventures, and—if he could achieve it—foreclose our thinking, since he is the first censor on earth who would deprive us of the right to think by a process he describes as "precensorship."

All this is presented in a tone of high moral dudgeon, obfuscated by the agglutinated language derived from Marx out of Hegel, and spiced with pseudo-Freud. Words and phrases like "alienated," "desublimated," "surplus-repression" and "libidinal cathexis" abound. I suspect they are put in to confound, to overwhelm by a *tour de force*. I don't take his psychoanalyzing the *Zeitgeist* any more seriously than he does Norman O. Brown's couch-ridden analysis of humanity. In the book of essays under review, he mocks Brown's description of the airplane as penis symbol in the only witty sentence in all his collected works. Says Marcuse: Yes, it may be a penis symbol but it gets you in two hours from Berlin to Vienna. Now if he had only turned this bit of logic on himself, Marcuse might have discovered that our "illusory" democracy gets one from there to here—from the Germany of real concentration camps (his point of origin) to the Marcusian "concentration camp state," his description of America.

Yet it would be a mistake to ridicule him, even when he sounds most like Sid Caesar's German professor. Neither should he be taken so seriously as to risk winning a debater's point over his illogic. That least of all, for he offers his opponents no such advantage. The given, in any discourse with Marcuse, is that you—me and thee and the rest of America, the 99 per cent of us—are not only wrong, but wicked. We must be destroyed, with our Constitution, our Bill of Rights and our notions of "tolerance," especially the latter, and our right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness denied us.

UNTIL FAIRLY RECENTLY, and despite his seventy years, Marcuse was little known except to a few cranks of the far-out sects that dot the lunatic fringe of the Marxist landscape. He came into his own during the recent student demonstrations in West Germany when he was hailed as "the philosopher of the New Left." In France his most notorious disciple, the youthful Daniel Cohn-Bendit, raised Marcusism to a cause by leading the students' strike and proclaiming, "Culture is the enemy of life." But young Cohn-Bendit is in a very real sense a genuine refugee from life, rootless, reckless, homeless, faithless, not like his mentor, who plays at living in a "concentration camp state" from the vantage of sunny California.

On the whole, Marcuse's works are terribly insignificant, especially his larger works. Except for *One Dimensional Man*, published in 1964, his Hegelian and Freudian aberrations are of small concern to anyone except confirmed insomniacs. But this work does tell us something. For instance: "Freedom of thought, speech, and content were—just as free enterprise, which they served to promote and protect—essentially *critical* [his emphasis] ideas, designed to replace an obsolescent material and intellectual culture by a more productive and rational one." They had no other content, he argues. Today freedom is no longer necessary. In fact, by a dialectical displacement of opposites, it is actually serving as a brake on the possibility of shattering the bourgeois state. That for him is the only moral imperative. All else is immoral.

It is, however, in his shorter, not lesser works that one finds the real Marcuse. Here there is little dissimulation, a minimum of obfuscation and not enough Freud to matter. Thus "Negations," the final essay in the book under review which is the only one of recent publication, has something to say that helps explain his commitment to *pure* intolerance. The earlier essays, obviously scraped from the bottom of the ideological barrel by the mercenary Unitarian publishers, are indeed, dated, as the author avers. But the essay, "Aggressiveness in Advanced Industrial Society," is in keeping with his declared determination, outlined in his real *magnum opus*, "Repressive Tolerance," published in *A Critique of Pure Tolerance*. Here the author argues the case against "pure tolerance" so that—read hastily—it might evoke echoes of similar assertions made by reasonable men, who are disposed to look with misgivings at the notion of the absolute right of anyone to say anything, anytime, anywhere, without regard to consequences. He even raises the criticism usually made by conservatives that the Weimar Republic had fundamental democratic rights to pro-


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tect, over and above the spurious rights of Adolf Hitler to preach his gospel, and should have banned his utterances as representing a clear and present danger to the republic. But in doing so Marcuse has other ends in view, having previously determined that our whole society, from the heads of government to the man in the street, represents "a clear and present danger" to those who, with Marcuse, are the repositories (surrogates) of our future freedoms.

HERE ALL PAST prudential, legal, moral and ethical conceptions are abandoned for a hedonistic interpretation of history, seasoned with arrogance, contempt and self-righteousness. Troubled, nevertheless, by the question, "Who is qualified to make all these distinctions, definitions, identifications for the society as a whole?" if the majority of its representatives are not qualified to do so, Marcuse replies: There is but "one logical answer, namely, everyone 'in the maturity of his faculties' as a human being, everyone who learned to think rationally and autonomously."

Who are these autonomous thinkers? Well, for one, there is Marcuse, of course. Then, I gather, one could include his academic colleague Barrington Moore Jr., of Harvard, who is all for Robespierre against Burke and for revolutionary terror. One might probably add Dr. Arthur I. Waskow of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington who believes in "creative disorder." And certainly H. Rap Brown, Stokely Carmichael and the leaders of the Students for a Democratic Society. Chances are that Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr. qualifies as an "autonomous thinker," since he recently conceded to the Master that the democratic process includes "the forcible occupation of buildings and invasion of private property." Herr Marcuse was quite pleased with this.

Actually Marcuse is for democracy only when that term is understood as "people's democracy." What he is seeking to establish, he tells us, is "the democratic educational dictatorship of free men." The operative word here is "dictatorship." All the rest is window-dressing. To achieve his "dictatorship" he would demand the withdrawal of "tolerance from regressive movements." He would go further. He would demand "intolerance even toward thought, opinion, and word" especially against "self-styled conservatives," by which he means almost the entire population. Not the least concerned that he will be considered undemocratic he adds: "These anti-democratic notions respond to the actual development of the democratic society which has destroyed the basis of universal tolerance. The conditions under which tolerance can again become a liberating and humanizing force have still to be created." By whom? By his "oppressed" and "overpowered" minorities.

To claim the moral authority embodied in the phrase "law and order," is sheer fantasy, he says, since "it is essential to invoke the absolute authority of this law and this order against those who suffer from it and struggle against it. . . ." Nor need the suffering be tangible. It may be symbolic, such as the kind the student leader of the Columbia University sit-ins enjoys in his split-level home in posh Maplewood, N.J. (The professor detests our split-level architecture which he identifies with our culture.) Against this "law and order," violence is not only necessary but just, and "no third person, least of all the educator and intellectual, has the right to preach . . . abstention." Thus by an Orwellian distortion of language democracy means dictatorship and dictatorship means freedom. His appeal is to the "outcasts and outsiders," those "outside the democratic process," the student rebels, the intellectuals and "the damned of the earth." They, he affirms, shall be the saviors of our civilization, but in order to save it they will first have to destroy it. □

# FICTION

*Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone*
*By James Baldwin* *Dial, $5.95*

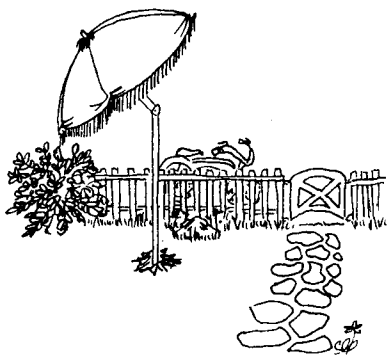
*Onwards!*
*By Nat Hentoff*
*Simon & Schuster, $3.95*

*The Pursuit of Happiness*
*By Thomas Rogers*
*New American Library, $5.50*

## IF THESE WINGS SHOULD FAIL ME, LORD!

### GUY DAVENPORT

The topical novel takes its chances. Rage and dismay are highly perishable emotions, barricades are untidy places from which to issue novels, and in times as wild as these, one's subject is likely to have moved a considerable distance by proof-reading time. Mr. Baldwin's novel ends



with its protagonist agreeing to finance the arming of black power revolutionaries. Mr. Hentoff stages a student rebellion with dead-eye accuracy, missing only the locale (NYU instead of Columbia). And Mr. Rogers shows us a bright young man who shakes the dust of the Republic from his feet and chooses to live in the freer air of Mexico.

James Baldwin in his fourth—and weakest—novel constructs a fantasy in which a successful Negro actor suffers a heart attack at the height of his career. He has fought his way up from the slums to jet-set mobility and affluence. The climb was hazardous, all but lethal. Were Mr. Baldwin not one of the best writers in the country, realizing every scene with dramatic fullness and intimate sympathy, his novel's shapelessness would be a disaster. If we accept the most powerful of the scenes as short stories and forget the creaking frame (flashbacks occurring to the protagonist in the hospital while he's waiting to fly to the Riviera, presumably after writing a check payable to the Black Panthers), we have a fine array of episodes —a Negro actor and white actress braving the hateful eyes and depraved taunts of a street-full of New Englanders, for instance. Or the encounter between a Kentucky family with liberal aspirations and a New Left Negro militant in New York.

Mr. Baldwin's immense talent, it would seem, is perhaps not for the novel but for the stage, the short story, or even the moving picture (he is, indeed, at the moment writing a screen biography of Malcolm X). He has yet to organize a novel that progresses from a beginning to an end. Even *Another Country*, his most ambitious novel, was a system of powerful and brilliant episodes rather perilously Scotch-taped together. Once he learns to design a novel (or abandons the novel for a more congenial form), Mr. Baldwin will be one of the most impressive writers of our time. His understanding of humanity is deeper than he gives himself credit for. It is strange that he seems to think that the thrust of his novels is that of an inflammatory pamphlet specifying reform and inciting urgent action. It is the novelist's business to broaden the possibilities for reform, an undertaking for which Mr. Baldwin is richly gifted. It is the grace of understanding which we need, not the angry chaos of rebellion. Let Mr. Baldwin keep creating characters like the little boy who asks, "Caleb, are white people *people*?" and he will have served justice as no one could have but him.

MR. HENTOFF, general commentator in many media on the more frenetic of fashionable gestures, takes a disengaged view of the fermenting young. He is fascinated in this meager novel by the three flavors of liberals: Old Left, respectable urban

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liberals, and New Left. They concatenate something like J. J. Rousseau, his disciple Dr. Frankenstein, and The Monster. Mr. Hentoff amuses himself by offering real members of the Old Left only slightly disguised. Their resistance to criticism is so tough by this time that walk-on parts in a satiric novel should not ruffle a hair. Nor are they expected to notice that they are depicted as understanding absolutely nothing of what the New Left is up to. So long as it's revolutionary, it can't be all bad. They have, instead, their memories, such as this (and one would like to know how authentic a piece of folklore it is):

> "Still and all" [runs the musing of an old revolutionary named Gus], "there are moments I'd like to have kept. Like Carberry in hot pursuit of Eleanor Roosevelt. 'My dear lady, you cannot dissociate your good works from the war machine that is at the heart of this government.' 'But Mr. Carberry, surely you do not want Hitler in New York City?' 'I would welcome the opportunity to confront that man directly with the power of nonviolence. I would release that man from his terrible fears. Hitler is a human being, my dear lady, a damaged, anguished human being.' 'That may well be, Mr. Carberry, but he is a murderer.' 'And so are you, my dear lady. Come join us on Sunday in a walk for peace.' 'A walk? A walk? How can a walk bring peace?' He was never able to explain it to her, but she did send him an autographed picture.

The Old Left bounces along, grinning idiotically while the New Left bares its fangs, and in the middle stands the bewildered Urban Liberal. Mr. Hentoff's sympathy is presumably with the embarrassed in-between, represented by a professor giving a course in alienation, specifically between generations, half conscious (but hoping otherwise) that his class is an example of what it is supposed to be observing. There is nothing new, nothing original, and nothing especially enlightened about this piece of prose; but it is sprightly and in a few passages funny enough. It is a descendant of the Elizabethan gull book, catching some of the gaggle of the times. The publishers have carefully labeled the dust-jacket "A Novel," but it's been years now since publishers had a clue as to what passes through their presses.

THOMAS ROGERS, a professor at Penn State, has obviously worked hard at his first novel, and for the most part has done well. His talent is bright but as yet narrow. He knows more about form than Mr. Baldwin, but has none of Baldwin's compassion. He has Mr. Hentoff's comic sense many times over, and knows how to build it into a novel. He is essentially a satirist and is already wise enough to know that satire does not deal in matters merely comic but in the horrors of this world. His hero is therefore a good-natured nobody to whom cataclysms come, with, as it were, a kiss on the cheek.

A skidding car in an icy street propels him via prison and other gratuitous blows from a world disinterestedly malignant, across the Mexican border, where, no longer trusting his luck with a society apparently mad and helplessly mad, he chooses to stay, though—and here is the satirist's parting jab—he must continue to live off his rich Chicago kin. And to begin with, he was only one more undergraduate scarcely distinguishable from his ilk.

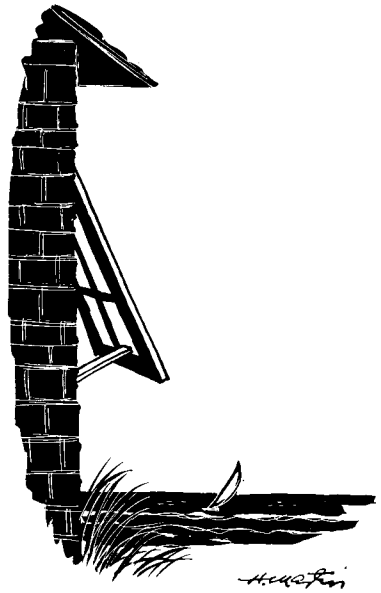
Mr. Rogers writes with an entertaining pace, keeping his story on the forward tilt. He has an eye for detail and knows enough of the world to broaden our knowledge of things. Yet, there's something missing; there is an inexplicable smallness and thinness to his novel. It lacks *body*. Perhaps the trouble is in the nature of satire, which should spare nothing, and cannot afford to flirt with idealism. *Et voilà*, that's it—this sprightly novel is *too* charming. A little vinegar for breakfast hereafter, with a dash of gunpowder, and Mr. Rogers' next opus ought to improve in the quality of its thump and bite. □

*The Rise of Ronald Reagan*
*By Bill Boyarsky*
*Random House, $5.95*

## WHAT MAKES REAGAN RUN

## M. STANTON EVANS

The literature on Ronald Reagan is beginning to accumulate, and, despite variations in the point of view, most of it tends toward a remarkably uniform set of conclusions. The political lessons of Reagan's landslide win in California and his subsequent popularity in the nation are beginning to get through, it seems, even to the liberal journalists.



Bill Boyarsky's study of the California governor is liberal in perspective and hostile in tone, but it is in no sense a hatchet-job. The book provides a fair and orderly account of Reagan's activities from childhood to statehouse, with a brief look along the way at his radio and movie career, his service with the Screen Actors Guild and General Electric, and his growing involvement in politics. Several chapters are devoted to Reagan's impressive election wins and his performance as governor. Most of this information will be familiar to readers of *Where's The Rest Of Me?* and Lee Edward's *Reagan: A Political Biography*, although Boyarsky does include some behind-the-scenes political vignettes which have not previously appeared in book form.

Because he takes the demerits of conservatism as an axiom of his discussion, Boyarsky seems to believe his narrative is on the whole discrediting to Reagan. The nature of the author's conceptual equipment is suggested by his use of such phrases as "simple answers" for a "time of complexity." "only government had the resources to train and find work for the hard-core unemployed," and other such ritualistic expressions. It is by the ideological criteria loaded into these phrases that Boyarsky measures Reagan's performance and finds it wanting. If one does not share the liberal mind-set, however, there is little in the story that is unflattering to the governor.

Thus Boyarsky devotes a chapter to Reagan's encounter with Clark Kerr, the University of California president who wobbled before the challenge of the radical Left. The burden of this discussion is that Reagan actually *wanted* to have Kerr removed as president and had conferred with members of the Board of Regents who voted Kerr out of office. Kerr himself is quoted at length concerning his suspicions that Reagan didn't like him, and the Democratic legislative leader Jesse Unruh is cited as believing Reagan did not initiate the ouster move "but was advised all the way through." This is written up as if there were something intrinsically horrible about wanting to have Kerr deposed. Opponents of campus anarchy will read these passages, however, with different emotions. Why shouldn't Kerr have been ousted, and why shouldn't Reagan have wanted him to be?

The discussion of Reagan's state budgetary policies is similar. Boyarsky considers the governor's behavior unsatisfactory when judged against the asserted need for heavy state spending on higher education, welfare services, and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what-not. If one accepts that "need" as a premise, then Reagan's conservative approach is of course wrong *a priori*. Some of us who have watched spending lobbies bulldoze state legislatures, however, have another view of what is really needed. If we get outside the liberal value framework and simply follow Boyarsky's factual narrative episode by episode, the resulting view of Reagan is favorable.

Apart from the recitation of some administrative fluffs expectable enough in a new regime, Boyarsky's chief complaint is that Reagan tried to do what he said he would do—a criticism directly counter to the assertion of some Californians that Reagan has reneged on his campaign promises. On finance, Boyarsky concludes that Reagan is a pinch-penny, thwarted in his efforts to cut welfare budgets and other outlays by legal complexities and a resistant legislature. On education, he concludes that Reagan charted a course of "tight budgets and a hard line toward dissent on campus"—"dissent" meaning the uproar at Berkeley. Boyarsky further states that, under Reagan, "social policy had been changed, and there was a tough attitude toward crime." Do such assertions discredit Reagan? Since these were the issues on which he campaigned, the more obvious inference would seem to be that Reagan has behaved very well indeed.

Reagan's effort to keep faith with his campaign promises amid formidable difficulties fits with the character-portrait of the governor sketched by Boyarsky. The author concludes that the private Reagan is very much like the public one, respecting such things as morality, thrift, self-reliance and other "simple" qualities. He suggests, as does Reagan himself, that the governor's attitude on public issues has been strongly influenced by his upbringing in the hamlets of northwestern Illinois. Reagan is depicted as a representative of small-town America, armed with the copybook virtues and moral apparatus of the Protestant ethic. The "image" that comes through the television tube is thus essentially the same as Reagan the man. In an age when political appearances and personal realities are so frequently at odds, such consistency is impressive.

THAT THE Reagan phenomenon is more than "imagery" is further suggested by Boyarsky's discussion of the 1966 elections and the governor's increasing national popularity. Reagan's TV presence and skill for projecting issues are duly noted, but Boyarsky presses beyond these considerations to examine the substance of Reagan's position. He concludes that what Reagan says is at least as important as how he says it, since what he says appeals to a brand-new political alignment. Boyarsky doesn't like this power grouping, but clearly recognizes its presence and its rising influence.

Reagan's success, Boyarsky says, derives from his appeal to a new "middle-class majority," situated in the suburbs, tired of ever-expanding government, crime, riots, inflation, and other attendant phenomena of the welfare state. "Reagan understands the hearts and minds of this majority," Boyarsky says. The voter to whom he appeals "wants no more change. In fact, he favors retrenchment. In a time of complexity, he looks for simple answers, and in Ronald Reagan he finds a spokesman and a leader." Allowing for the pejorative way in which it is phrased, the analysis seems correct; also revolutionary. Boyarsky adds:

> . . . in the 1960s there are signs that the people's desire for the progressive drive that started in the depression has ended and that the idea of problem-solving government is out of style. Reagan thought that government was too ambitious under Eisenhower, and both Democrats and Republicans agreed. He shattered the Democratic registration majorities in California, and in this spectacular accomplishment lies a lesson for the rest of the nation.
>
> After Reagan's victory in 1966, one of the Democratic Party's brightest young strategists looked over the wreckage one winter day and theorized about what had happened. As vice-chairman Robert L. Coate saw it, the traditional Democrats—those who believed in social progress—were now a minority, outnumbered by people who were mostly worried about conserving the economic gains they had made under the Democratic administration.

Again we must allow for the bootlegged value judgments; whether tax-spend-elect is a formula for "social progress" and whether California voters owe their "economic gains" to that formula rather than their own efforts are debatable questions. What does not seem debatable is the fact that these voters attribute their economic losses—through taxes and inflation—to this particular formula and the politicians who espouse it. That development in our largest state should point an obvious moral for the national Republican Party. □

# The PASSING SCENE

## FAREWELL TO THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS

FRANCIS RUSSELL

When I read of Rudolf Dirks' death at the age of 91, the most surprising thing to me was that he had still been alive until this year. Somehow, I had thought of him as dead for decades. I had seen his Katzenjammer kids, Hans and Fritz, since my childhood, and I had considered them part of the pre-Twenties past, long since superseded by bouncily anatomical females and the paranoia of Li'l Abner. Yet Dirks in the Sixties, assisted by his son, was still drawing the comic strip, The Captain and the Kids, that he had originated seventy years before; and it was still being distributed by United Features to a diminishing number of papers across the country.

At the end, the Katzenjammers appeared obscurely in six colored panels that took up a third of an inner page of the weekly comic supplement. In the old days the Katzenjammer family had occupied a whole garishly-colored Sunday front page, besides appearing six times during the week in black and white. Whether children of a more sophisticated comics age have still been following the pranks of Hans and Fritz I do not know, but I doubt if there is anyone over forty who could not instantly identify the dark-thatched Hans or Fritz with his peaked blond forelock; Mama Katzenjammer's gleaming triple pug; der Captain, his broom-like whiskers almost obliterating the brass buttons of his naval jacket; der Professor with his white beard and fuzzy felt top hat.

Dirks' comic impulse derived from Wilhelm Busch, the caricaturist of the German domestic scene in the late Biedermeier period whose Max and Moritz—the archetypes of small-boy fiends—Dirks crudely plagiarized as Hans and Fritz. Busch was a satirical artist, Dirks merely a comic-strip journeyman. The German's wit, the deftness of his pen, his sophistication, and indeed his macabre cruelty were lacking in his American imitator.

Dirks, German-born himself, had undoubtedly seen Busch's albums as a boy. Among other boys who had seen them was the ten-year-old William Randolph Hearst who on his first trip to Europe had brought back a volume of *Max und Moritz*. In 1895 Hearst, the young journalistic freebooter invading New York, bought the *Morning Journal* and began his circulation war with Joseph Pulitzer's *World*. That same year one of Pulitzer's cartoonists, Richard Outcalt, had scored an enormous success with his series of Hogan's Alley drawings, known as the Yellow Kid, from a flap-eared, gap-toothed hairless urchin whose nightgown-like garment dominated each drawing as a blob of yellow. The Yellow Kid, the original comic, became the rage, achieving a cult popularity later attained by Krazy Kat, Li'l Abner and Peanuts.

Hearst bribed Outcalt away from Pulitzer, and Pulitzer bribed him back again. The year after Hearst bought the *Journal* he started his own eight-page Sunday comic supplement called *The American Humorist*. In 1897 he and his supplement editor suggested to their young staff artist, Dirks, that he work up a cartoon sequence

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# Random Notes

■ BOOKS: From several applicants, Viking picked John Keats (*Howard Hughes, The Insolent Chariots*) to do a biography of the late Dorothy Parker. Keats, who never met his subject, will deliver the manuscript later this year. Meanwhile Wyatt Copper, who did know her, has written a piece about their friendship for the July *Esquire* and, according to Jerome Agel's *Books,* will expand the article for book publication if he can get the approval and help of Lillian Hellman, D.P.'s last, best friend. . . . The new Nabokov is *Ada or Amour* and it's due from McGraw-Hill next Spring; same publisher plans a complete Nabokov bibliography by scholar Andrew Field. . . . The new Mailer is *The Idol and the Octopus*, a collection of political pieces about, *inter alia,* JFK (the idol), LBJ (that's right, the octopus), Jackie Kennedy and Bill Buckley (Dell Original, 95 cents).

Holt denies a report in *Variety* that it had to pay Mrs. Martin Luther King $500,000 for her fall book about life with her late husband. Mrs. King is enjoining every firm in sight from publishing his speeches, on the grounds that they're not in the public domain. . . . Bernard Geis Associates sold its contract with Jacqueline Susann for two more dirty-books to Bantam Books, which in turn sold hardcover rights to Simon & Schuster for six figures. Watch for *Son of Valley of the Dolls.*

Jacques Barzun, who stepped down as provost of Columbia University in time's very nick, has written *The American University: How It Runs, Where It Is Going* (Harper, October). . . . K. C. Lahue's *Bound and Gagged* is—surprise!—*not* about French perverts. It's an in-depth history of the movie serial, complete with hundreds of stills (A. S. Barnes, August). . . . P. G. Wodehouse's next is *Do Butlers Burgle Banks*? They do. (Simon & Schuster, $4.50.)

■ MISCELLANY: Poorest of all sellers for *Esquire* last year was the issue that showed Svetlana on the cover, with a Stalin moustache scribbled in, touting Garry Wills' piece on the whole flap. . . . One R. M. Tate, of Washington D.C., produces for sale brass sculptures based on doodles doodled by John F. Kennedy.

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based on *Max und Moritz*. Taking Busch's work as a model and the German word for hangover as a label, Dirks concocted The Katzenjammer Kids. His first pieces were unabashed imitations of Busch, Hans and Fritz being simulacra of *Max und Moritz* in name, actions and appearance. Busch's Uncle Fritz in his tasseled smoking cap, who found gunpowder in his pipe tobacco and beetles in his bed, became Dirks' equally victimized Grandpa. In his first attempt Dirks tried to mask the blatancy of his plagiarism by producing three Katzenjammer Kids, but then resignedly reduced them to two. Mama with her pug was already there. Grandpa soon gave way to der Captain and der Inspector.

OUTCALT IS commonly given credit for having invented the comic strip. What he did in his Yellow Kid series was to provide a continuity of characters from drawing to drawing. But Dirks could more rightfully claim to be the originator of that proliferating phenomenon. Again following Busch's example he broke down Outcalt's single drawings into a series of panels, each of which advanced the action. Then, after some months of this twelve-strip pantomime he introduced speech balloons. Such balloons had been used in political cartoons since the eighteenth century, but Dirks was the first to adapt them to the comic supplement. In all his innovations he was more an assimilator. His unique contribution was humorous violence, the whop-bamzowie element. Yet without his amalgamation of character continuity, sequence of panels and speech balloons, it is difficult to conceive of the comics as they have developed.

Dirk filled his balloons with a German variety of fractured English. "Dod gast it!" was der Captain's favorite expletive. "Mit bummers, giffs no supper!" Mama warns while der Inspector protests "Cut oudt der dum stuff!" Hans and Fritz, perpetual juvenile delinquents, for all the adaptability of the young are still unable to assimilate English. "Chust", "liddle", "effery", "chee" is the way they continue to talk on their way to the school they never seem to arrive at. "Last vun in!" they shout with glee as they play hooky at the "swim hole."

Through the decades Dirks followed the Max-and-Moritz formula undeviatingly. Hans and Fritz play pranks verging on mayhem on der Captain and der Inspector, who retaliate with ham-handed chastisements that leave the buttock-hardened kids howling even as they meditate on their next stroke. In her polka-dot blouse Mama remains an innocent though voluble bystander of the ensuing booby traps: banana peels, giant fire-crackers, hoses, collapsible staircases, mud pits. Captain and Inspector emerge from each trap, soiled or smoke-begrimed, raging in hot pursuit with switch or paddle. The last panel is usually the chastisement scene.

So the Katzenjammers went on for weeks and months and years. I suppose one might say that Hans and Fritz represent the inner resentment of authority that lurks in all of us and that becomes more easily admissible in such a caricature-catharsis. In any case, the Katzenjammers, from their arrival in the *Journal*, became immediately and durably popular, while the Yellow Kid soon faded. Dirks' initial drawing style, so imitative of the precise Busch, soon grew more simplified and slapdash. Hands and feet became rudimentary. The Katzenjammers all developed codfish eyes, bulbous noses, mouths that when open seemed to gape from ear to ear. Perhaps because it was simpler to draw, the landscape—for all its German orientation—was always tropical; palm trees, vague distant mountains, thatched houses. Occasionally a few blacks would wander onto the tropic-Teutonic scene. The only females of any charm who appeared in the strip—and that seldom—were lissome dark-skinned beauties at whom der Captain and der Inspector would roll a vaguely lecherous eye until Mama intervened. Hans and Fritz showed no interest in girls whatsoever. There was no Becky Thatcher in their lives. As for school, they went with dragging feet—that often dragged them elsewhere—returned on the run, but were never shown inside. Through the years and shifts of fashion their costumes remained unchanged: Hans in his blue-striped trousers and black bow tie: Fritz in red trousers, his blond cow-lick set off by the lace collar of his brass-buttoned jacket.

Dirks soon tired of his repetitive Katzenjammer formula of prank and pursuit—as can be seen in the increasing skimpiness of his drawings. Yet he was stuck with his own success and its inexorable seven-times-a-week demand. The cult of the Katzenjammers spread. Away from his drawing board he had dreams of being a real artist on canvas. During the Spanish-American War he had enlisted in the Army and had let the Katzenjammers hibernate until his return. But a dozen years later they had become too widely diffused, too necessary for the Hearst stable of features. In 1912 Dirks asked for a year's leave of absence to travel and paint. Hearst was agreeable if his artist would just complete a year of Katzenjammer strips in advance. Unable to fulfill such a stint, Dirks left for Europe anyhow with ill will on both sides. From abroad he mailed back his strips for several months. Then a *World* emissary approached him and he agreed to join that paper just as soon as his contract difficulties with the *Journal* were settled.


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Hearst at once brought action to enjoin Dirks from working for the *World*, and his was sustained in court. On Dirks' appeal, part of the verdict was revised to allow him to work for the *World*, while the *Journal* retained the rights to his strip title and characters. He was allowed, however, to reproduce the same characters under the new title of The Captain and the Kids. The drawing of the old strip was taken over by H. H. Knerr, an artist more careful of detail, who continued the same sequences of malicious mischief, the same hand-imposed retributions, the same German-derived dialect. Knerr, however, seemed obsessed by cannibals, blacks with enormous thick lips who talked like Englishmen and who between preparing the stewpot for the unwary white smoked cigars and wore top hats. Except for this aberration few could tell the two strips apart.

I KNOW I NEVER COULD, and I was familiar with the malevolent ingenuity of Hans and Fritz before I could read. All funnies, as they were then called, were barred from our house. Having brought me up on Beatrix Potter and Kenneth Grahame, my mother considered the Katzenjammers vicious undesirables and Dirks a warper of the juvenile mind. Mr. Dodds, who lived part-way down Wellington Hill, was more tolerant. On long Sunday afternoons, sitting on the creaky front-porch hammock with his son Eliot perched on one side of him and me on the other, he would read the balloons of the comics, page after page, in his kindly nasal New England voice. "Dollinks, like a couple inchels, by der store a package?" is Mama's demand. "Blooey, effery time giffs a ob," the Kids reply in sullen obedience. Der Captain and der Inspector can be crossed, but not Mama. The explosive charge goes off underfoot, Captain and Inspector emerge with singed whiskers, der Inspector brandishing his cane, der Captain bellowing, "Bummers, vait only!"

So the mock-violence went on, followed by the howling retribution, through serene summer afternoons, the Dodds' porch half-shielded by the quick-growing Norway maples planted by the developer a few years before. Mr. Dodds read us of Foxy Grandpa, self-appointed Refrigerator Inspector, who used that pretext to make off with the roast chickens and pies of his neighbors; of Billy the Boy Artist and his twin victims, Prof. Smart and Prof. O. Howe Wise; of That Son-in-Law of Paw's who wore a monocle and always said "Haw, haw, I say!"; of Fatty Spilliker long forgotten, and Mutt and Jeff who still exist. But to us everything else was secondary to Hans and Fritz. So universally popular did they become with children, at least during the period of the First World War, that besides their double Sunday appearance they even achieved a stage appearance. I begged my mother to take me to the Boston production of *Hans and Fritz*, but she wouldn't hear of it. The Daley children in the flat above us went, but that was because their parents were "ignorant."

Later when I had learned to read I would extract The Captain and the Kids secretly from the Sunday *Globe*. The Hearst *American* funnies, which I managed to borrow from Mrs. Doyle across the street, contained The Katzenjammer Kids. I was delighted at the double Sunday treat. Although unaware of the distinction between Dirks and Knerr, I preferred the *Globe* sequence, not caring much for top-hatted cannibals.

AS I GREW OLDER there came a point when the Katzenjammers and their contrivances began to seem childish to me. I read the more advanced funnies that spun out a continued story, like Andy Gump with his Uncle Bim and Bim's Widow Zander, and Moon Mullins, and much later Harold Teen. Then there came a time when I read them no longer, so with what has happened in the world of the comic strip from Al Capp on I have no knowledge or concern.

When I heard of Dirks' death my mind went back to the two small boys on the hammock listening with silent intentness as Mr. Dodds read from the funny paper while a fly or two buzzed about and the maple leaf silhouettes shivered in the sunlight that moved like a slow curtain along the oiled boards of the porch. There the Kids are in blatant color; Hans with his lace-edged collar and cuffs, Fritz in his striped trousers, racing away from the portly Captain, whose stiff whiskers trembled with anger, and the outraged Inspector. Der Captain's absurd peaked cap has drifted to the back of his head, der Inspector's brown ankle-length frock coat does not seem to impede the passion of his pursuit. "Who iss der vise guys?" Mama asks, her enormous bulk circumscribed by polka-dots. And all set in an eternal tropical landscape.

Dirks in the Twenties tried to obtain recognition as a serious independent painter but the effort came to nothing. He simply lacked the talent. Measured up against even a Busch he was scarcely an artist at all. Yet he at least succeeded in doing what is granted to only a few artists, in inventing fantasies that become almost independent creations. Hans and Fritz—even if they did evolve from Max and Moritz—Mama, der Captain and der Inspector, are the *commedia dell'arte* characters of the comics world. Remembering those sun-drenched afternoons of Sunday quiet half a century ago, with Mr. Dodds reading to us of the Katzenjammer misadventures, remembering those Kids who *did* the things we should have liked to do and who seemed quite as real as any of the boys on Wellington Hill, I think of Dirks fondly and can almost forgive him the invention of the comic strip. □

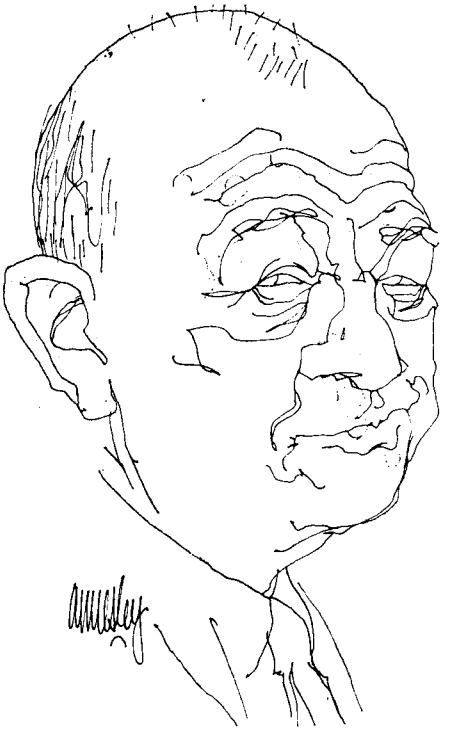
# THEATER

## NOEL COWARD REVISITED

### JERE REAL

Having seen two productions of Noel Coward's *Private Lives* in the past six months—both with Elaine Stritch as a marvelous Amanda—my reaction to a Coward play is continuing delight at the bitchily human quality exuded, and surprise at the way his comedy meets that most severe test of humorous plays, repetition of viewing. It is a test that few younger playwrights could meet today. The prospect of viewing as often Neil Simon's *Barefoot in the Park* or Jean Kerr's *Mary, Mary* is enough to give a theatergoer a case of what my old maid aunt always referred to as "the thumps." All this is to suggest that inherent in Coward's work is a perceptive comic sense of the foibles of the human condition that transcends both the topical and the intellectual.

I'm not sure I recall exactly when I



first became aware of the actual existence of Noel Coward, but it was, I feel, an important date. I vaguely recall his appearances in films I saw as a boy. Later, there was a youthful friend of mine who incessantly played Coward's recordings of his own songs, most memorably "Mad Dogs

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and Englishmen" and that highest of camp songs (Susan Sontag, please note), "I Went to a Marvelous Party" from *Set to Music,* 1939. Next came my reading of his plays and autobiography. Finally, I acquired a "live" recording of Marlene Dietrich which boasted a spoken introduction by Coward and the scent of Arpège on the album. With that, I succumbed; I was a total convert.

A sense of style marks Coward's plays perhaps more than any other quality; and style is noticeably absent from our contemporary stages, both in serious and light vehicles. Sophistication—the kind that comes from an individual's knowing he or she is in charge of a situation, however chaotic, not the superficial kind of today's "jet set"—never had a more sure advocate than Mr. Coward.

Recently, when *Private Lives* was revived off Broadway, a number of critics sneered at the play's characters, saying they were atypical, insulated individuals in a rarefied atmosphere. In short, Coward's creations did not possess that currently much-touted quality of theater, social relevance. The truth, of course, is that Coward's people generate their appeal by their atypicality, with their rather grand flaunting of social convention. Unlike today's theater, where nonconformity is a synonym for public boorishness (attend *Hair,* for example), Coward's nonconformists thrive on an intelligent and quietly assured abnormality. In *Private Lives,* when her second husband, Victor, tells Amanda that he's glad he's normal, she retorts: "What an odd thing to be glad about. Why?" Why, indeed? Well, Coward explains through Amanda:

> I think very few people are normal really, deep down in their private lives. It all depends on the combination of circumstances. If all the various cosmic thingummys fuse at the same moment, there's no knowing what one mightn't do.

Coward himself is an example of the thingummys' fusing at the right moment, and his singular success in many areas of endeavor proves it. In his plays, naturally, the style is for characters to "do it" with flair, and to hell with what the public thinks. His characters remain individuals, blasé about their kookiness. Today's theatrical creations, by contrast, seek some sort of collective public approval of their perversity. By flaunting the bizarre in human nature rather than cultivating it, shock—not sophistication—is the rather dismaying effect produced. Coward's delightfully oblivious people, characters like Otto, Leo, and Gilda who make up his charming *ménage à trois* in *Design For Living,* can't really be bothered with seeking anyone's approval. They go their way existing on their intelligence, wit, charm, and, as always, the pleasure of one another's company.

Finally, there is a matter of emphasis that differentiates Coward. Like every fin writer, his focus is on characters rathe than events. In Coward's plays, peopl fall in love. In today's, people make love The act, not the character, becomes th focal point. Obviously, it's not the sam thing at all, and to many viewers, th shift in emphasis has not improved come dy. Coward logically accepts the old no tion that an interesting suggestion is ul timately more exciting than the explici reality. What emerges in *Private Lives,* a in one Noel Coward creation after another is a fine assimilation of elements tha separates the ingenious playwright fron the merely pretentious—a fusion of bril liant dialogue, audacious wit, simplicity o situation and, above all, taste. □

# BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE BALANCE OF PAYMENTS: FREE VERSUS FIXED EXCHANGE RATES, *by Milton Friedman and Robert C. Roosa (American Enterprise Institute, $4.50).* This is the fascinating transcript of a debate between Milton Friedman, the apostle of fluctuating exchange rates, and Robert Roosa, speaking for the Establishment. The Establishment has the short end of the stick, because the whole purpose of the monetary system invented in Bretton Woods in 1944 and foisted on us ever since has always been 1) freedom and flexibility of international trade and 2) international monetary stability. If Friedman is correct, then the Bretton Woods system is doomed. Current events tend to support Friedman: we see more and more controls over capital movement, tourism, foreign trade, all to "protect" the very system that is supposed to stimulate international economic freedom. And, as the daily headlines warn us louder and louder, the international monetary system is tottering. As devaluation, the Bretton Woods system looks more and more like a thing of the past. If we manage to avoid out-and-out economic isolationism, and reject the classical gold standard, the only thing left is Friedman's fluctuating rates. Mr. Roosa is just going to have to get used to 'em.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

THE NUCLEAR REVOLUTION IN SOVIET MILITARY AFFAIRS, *translated and edited by William R. Kintner and Harriet Fast Scott (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95).* This collection of articles by Soviet military writers is at once helpful and misleading. It is helpful because it brings together in an unclassified format recent examples of Soviet writings on such topics as the importance of the first strike in all-out war and the doctrinal revolution in warfare which atomic weapons have spawned. At the same time, the book is misleading if we expect its authors to pro-

(continues on p. 709)


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# DINING OUT: ITALIAN AND AL FRESCO

NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

RECENTLY, I've been pleased with two restaurants which are as different from each other as can be, and which also stand for very different philosophies. One of them is the Promenade Cafe in Rockefeller Center, and the other Nicola Paone's at 207 East 34th Street.

The Promenade Cafe is on and around the ice skating rink in the center of Rockefeller Plaza. It is a gay, outdoorsy place, immensely enhanced by the presence of a nine-man brass band at luncheon from 12:15 to 2:45 and a string quintet at tea and dinner, from 4:30 to 9:30 P.M. The tables, topped by large yellow sun umbrellas, stand on a green carpet by the big fountain that swooshes in a cooling manner. The brass band goes oompa-pa in a discreet, nostalgic way and it transported me, as I sat sipping a lovely Singapore Sling, into fields far more Elysian than the middle of New York City on a hot June day. I really can't think of anything more fun, an opinion shared by all the people who could not get in and who had to listen to the band, smiling, I may add, from the streets above. At night—and the place stays open until after the theater—I think it would be a nice spot to do a little schmusing, seemly of course, since after all the place is open, but still, still.

I liked the food, which makes no pretense of being haute cuisine, but which is very varied and not expensive. Sandwich lovers can have ample Danish shrimp and smoked salmon, or Nicoise salad or breast of chicken with country ham, onion and tomato affairs. I don't like sandwiches, so I ate a very good Baked Lamb Moussaka, in fact a delicious one, and part of an also excellent stuffed breast of veal (cold) with tomato and chives. There is an omelet man on the grounds, who will make you a *frittata* of zucchini and ham, a caviar and sour cream omelet or one with berries. The hot dishes include soft shell crabs, or a Promenade steak sandwich, or roast prime ribs of beef. These two last dishes are the most expensive on the menu, at $4.95 and $5.95. Everything else costs from $2.50 to $3.95. There are two desserts that I thought great. One is a meal in itself and, I was told, fancied by the ladies who need to restore their strength after shopping on Fifth Avenue. It consists of a Swedish waffle, far tenderer and tastier than an ordinary one, covered with ice cream, blueberries and whipped cream. It is divine and so is a glorified chocolate-frosted cupcake that has been scooped out and filled with whipped cream—and all the whipped cream here is real. This goes under the name of Viennese Chocolate Puff, and it is the authentic old Vienna Indianer Krapfen. The Promenade Cafe is open seven days a week, but there is no music on Sundays. Reservations would be wise, at PLaza 7-5730.

## *Italian Food and Italian Food*

The food at Nicola Paone's ranks, to my mind, among the best Italian food in this city. By this I mean it is the kind of food that you find in an excellent restaurant in Italy, and has no relation to the utterly ghastly pap that goes under the name of Italian food in so many American restaurants, whose owners and customers should be shot not at dawn but immediately, for sullying the name of a great cuisine. At Paone's, you find all the standard Italian dishes of noodles, spaghetti, shrimp, chicken and so on. But all the noodles are made at home, the pasta cooked *al dente,* the fish baked whole to keep their flavor and the sauces never precooked, but made from the cooking juices and a little wine and butter. Blissfully, the dishes are very delicately seasoned as they would be in Italy with little pepper and little if any garlic. But Nicola Paone does more than this. He has created a number of dishes which I think outstanding, in spite of their names which I think silly. The Veal Boom-Boom consists of thin slices of veal wrapped around a filling of ground veal, mushrooms and prosciutto and a little grated cheese, sautéed in a light white wine sauce. The Sole Malandrino is a sandwich of filet of sole filled with a little buttered rice and braised with white wine, and the Chicken Baci Baci is a boned whole chicken stuffed and baked with mushrooms, prosciutto and cubed veal and flavored with sherry. Primavera are chicken livers in a pouch of sliced prosciutto, baked with sherry and bay leaf. And so on—they all are really great.

As important to me as the food is the atmosphere of a restaurant. Paone's is small, seating some forty people, and it is under the constant eye of the owner and his assistant, Franco. They are both extremely nice people, with that *politesse de coeur* that distinguishes Italians, which makes for geniality and gaiety, and in restaurants, for excellent service. I can't think of a better place, in every way, to go to for food that, as I said, the Italians of Italy would admire. Pasta dishes are from $2.50 to $3.75, dinner entrees around $5.25 and a little less at luncheon, served from twelve to two on weekdays, but not on Saturdays. Dinner is from five to 10:30, and the place is closed Sundays. Reservations are essential — phone 889-3239.

## *Owner-Philosophers*

The success of both these restaurants lies in the philosophy of their owners. Nicola Paone (who was a singer who put his money into this place and learned the trade so that he would not have to suffer the fate of many singers when their voices left them) does not want a larger restaurant, for then the whole operation would of necessity be less personal. But the Promenade Cafe, the latest enterprise of the extraordinary Joe Baum, creator of Restaurant Associates, could not exist without the resources of a great corporation behind it. Nicola Paone is a traditionalist, Joe Baum an innovator, whose imagination has changed the restaurant business of America with his stable of totally different, total-environment establishments that include the Four Seasons, Zum Zum Sausage and Beer bars, the Tower Suite and Charlie O's. Though some people have questioned the sweetness of his disposition, all have agreed that he is pretty damn well a genius. □

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## BRIEFS

(cont. from p. 706)

ide us with any background to current ignificant developments in Soviet military ffairs. There is no hint here of the exanding role of the Russian Navy, so ividly brought home in recent months n the Mediterranean, nor are there any octrinal discussions that would explain ne continuing Soviet commitment to nanned interceptors, exemplified by the ew MiG-23. Still, while readers of the *ronbark* and *Chickadee* series will find othing new, for the more casual student f Soviet military affairs this collection f articles does provide an unusual oportunity to see Soviet military writers t work. J. BERNARD BURNHAM

UT OF THE LABYRINTH: ESSAYS IN CLARIICATION, *by Erich Kahler (Braziller, 6.00)*. Here is yet another one of those teious collections of exigent prose that intelectuals are forever gathering together unler some grandiose title. By definition, these vorks are omnifarious, usually containng the author's ruminations on just about very topic under the sun. Erich Kahler's atest book, while erudite and civilized, s no exception to the general rule. Scholrly impedimenta to the contrary, *Out of he Labyrinth* is nothing more than an anhology of miscellaneous essays on art, istory, science, utopia, myth, and culture. his assertion is denied by Kahler, who rgues that the unifying aim of the book is to establish the meaning of certain asic concepts that have developed in the ourse of human evolution, and to examne in what respect they may still be valid n our present circumstances." In other vords, the book's unity lies in its miscelaneousness; for just about everything falls nder the purview of "the course of huan evolution." This is not to say that he book is devoid of interest. There are everal excellent essays; and if the reader s prepared to put up with a certain mount of dogmatism he will not go away otally empty-handed. The essays on "Culure and Evolution," "Science and Hisory," and "The Reality of Utopia" are of articular interest, while those devoted to rt and symbolism leave a great deal to e desired. P. P. WITONSKI

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (July 2)

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## LUDLOW

(cont. from p. 695)

and self-deception in Shaker Heights. They have worked hard and must work still harder if minor failures are not to seem out of proportion. A case in point was the failure to integrate apartments in Ludlow. The tension of constant self-improvement, constant checking for flaws, was reflected in the LCA's 1967 housing report, which conceded: "The apartments in Ludlow had virtually ignored the fact that they were a part of Ludlow. This was quite easy since very few children lived in the apartments, causing little contact with the school. In addition, the apartments were 99 per cent white and did not consider themselves 'a part' of integration." Thus in an area predominantly Negro, apartment buildings as recently as a few months ago were almost totally white, affording segregated living within integrated Ludlow. Of 1,000 rental units, the LCA estimated that only 5 per cent were Negro-occupied. A similar kind of white with white, black with black, segregation existed in bi-family and multi-family dwellings in Moreland. The LCA, cautioning against the danger of a new exodus of whites from the apartments, said with typical urgency, "This situation could change very rapidly if the proper attitudes are not instilled *now*!" (These attitudes, presumably of brotherhood and reason, do not seem to be shared by landlords in the Negro apartments. While seeking out an apartment on South Moreland, in Ludlow, in 1965 I chanced to enter one such building. I was then working for Community Action for Youth, a social work agency centered in Hough, but I was informed by the Negro janitor of this particular apartment that there were no vacancies. At the time, a "for rent" sign was plainly visible on the tree lawn before the building and three of six units were clearly unoccupied.) Camelot can never relax.

Shaker Heights is truly a remarkable city and Ludlow a unique place. But special factors have been present here to account for that uniqueness, factors which may not be duplicated anywhere else in the nation. Shaker has had Negroes in its school system for more than a decade and was pre-conditioned to the process of residential integration in Ludlow through school integration before the first Negro moved into the city proper. The city was contiguous to a totally Negro area of Cleveland, thereby eliminating the difficulties faced by Negroes who attempt to leap-frog from the inner city to outlying all-white communities. Many Shaker streets were merely extensions of Cleveland streets and Negroes simply moved up or down as the case may have been. Shaker property values were, and still are, extremely high, thus removing one of the major fears of many whites about integration. Shaker schools were, and still are, the best in Cuyahoga County, mainly because Shaker has the money to spend for quality education, $820 per year per pupil, a sum that none of the other thirty school districts in Cuyahoga County can match. Shaker's population has been heterogeneous, better educated, and more enlightened. Its white intellectuals, dedicated to integration, have received the cooperation of wealthier Negroes who have not attempted to block-bust or colonize as was the case in so many less expensive neighborhoods.

Could the lessons of Shaker and Ludlow be applied to districts populated by less wealthy whites? To neighborhoods with close ethnic bonds? Mayor Jones, who conceded that his community has received "the cream of the crop of both whites and Negroes," hedges on those questions. "I don't know if lower-class whites and Negroes will merge with success. Some areas like Murray Hill may never integrate in this generation. But I think we ought to realize that integration in housing and schooling is almost inevitable." In Camelot, perhaps. But not on West 65th Street, Buckeye Road, Russian Hill, or north of Van Aken Boulevard. □


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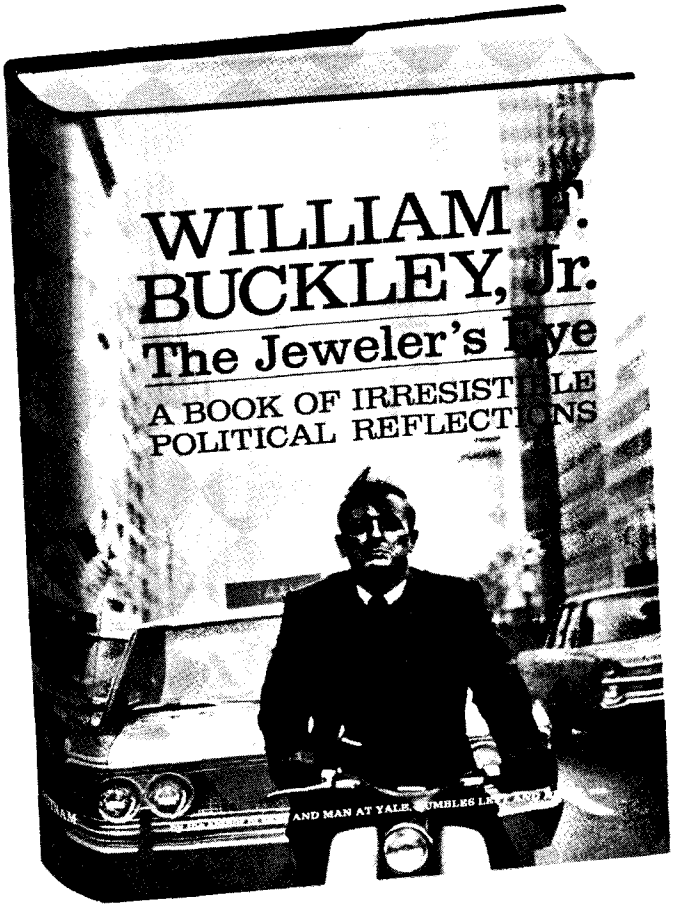


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# UNDERSTANDING GREECE

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ATHENS, *June 18*—Mr. Andreas Papandreou, the Greek-American who aspired to govern Greece but ended up in the can on April 21, 1967, has leveled many charges against the revolutionary government, now that he has been released and is free to urge his case in the forums of the world, one of them that the government is composed of half-literates who have no ideas about anything, and, if they did, wouldn't know how to express them. An American seeking quick information about the Greek situation is likely to agree with Mr. Papandreou on this point after perusing the Government's principal English hand-out, a four-color 50-page *Life*-sized booklet entitled, Why Did the Revolution of April 21, 1967 Take Place." It is unquestionably the single most illiterate and incompetent apologia in the history of polemical literature.

The Introduction gets us off at print-speed into syntactical anarchy: The collection of facts, the selection of photographs, the redaction of the text, the paging and the general contant attendance of the present edition, was realized . . . under the general superintendence of the director Mr. P. A. Papadakis." The message to the Greek people issued by the revolutionary government on April 21 is rendered in such language as: "We belong to the labor class and we will stand our poor Greek brothers by." The revolution was bloodless, we are proudly told, but even so, "it immobilized all the politicians, those incapable, impadent [sic], betrayers and swraters [sic] greek politicians, the Communists and those who had changed the House of sessions to a bawdy-house, from where the brave Greek people and heroes of 1940 and of the Communistical defeat of 1944, had to take lessons of falsehood, perjury, forgery, speculation and blacknail." The book is chock-full of detailed charts and graphs illustrating the pre-revolutionary chaos, e.g. on page 7 "What Amount of Money the Action of KKE (the Communists) Costed in Greece" (i.e. the alleged value of the property destroyed during the civil wars of 1944-1947), on over (p. 95) to "A Numeral Plan of Strikes 1963-1967" which show that whereas there were 25 or thirty strikes during a typical month in pre-Junta Greece, there were none in the months following the Revolution: which is an achievement in the field of labor relations equal to that of the Soviet Union, a point the editor of this mortifying volume probably would not understand. It is fortunate for Mr. Papadakis that the Junta is committed to bloodlessness.

On the other hand, there is a case to be made for bad propaganda. It is wonderfully translucent, saving the reader a great deal of trouble. General Trujillo, after committing a spectacular effrontery, would take out full-page ads in metropolitan American papers, in which ardent Dominicans would compare him to the rising sun and the aurora borealis. Whenever the Communists take on the absolute falsification of history, they are apt to begin the story: "As is well known. . . ." —which means as it is known to nobody at all up until that moment, except the director of Communist propaganda.

What is disappointing about the performance of the Junta isn't its ineptitude as such, but its ineptitude in the light of the case that can be made for it, a case which, in my judgment, prevails over the case that can be made against it.

Mr. Papadopoulos, the Prime Minister, is among the half-literates to which Mr. Papandreou, who took a Ph.D. in economics at Harvard, and went on to become Chairman of the Department of Economics at the University of California in Berkeley, alludes—he has written no books, or monographs, or magazine articles. Yet the former colonel is quite a spectacular performer under pressure—to which, unlike the unfortunate scholar-demagogue Papandreou, he does not tend to yield. True, the other two "colonels," Stylianos Pattakos the Minister of Interior and Nicholaos Makarezos the Minister of Coordination, are military men who have not written books, a not un-mixed blessing, by the way. But the Foreign Minister Mr. Panayotis Pipinelis studied law and political science at Zurich and Freiburg, was himself Prime Minister during a short period in 1963, and has been writing books since 1920. In 1932, he wrote a monograph on "Some Manifestations of the Classical Spirit in Modern Greece." Among them the lack of self-control that ended Athenian democracy. And Mr. Pipinelis four months before the coup warned his fellow democrats in the general assembly that democracy as it was being practiced in Greece was leading to chaos. The Minister of Education Mr. Theophylactos Papaconstantinou translated into Greek many of the works of Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud, André Gide and Sidney Hook, and his study of Communism dates back seven books ago, to his "Falsifications of Marxism in Greece," published in 1931.

The Junta is not surrounded by illiterates, but by men some of them deeply learned like Pipinelis and Papaconstantinou, all of them confirmed in the belief that if the Junta had not acted, the scheduled elections of May 1967, would have propelled Greece into another hideous civil war, the third in 25 years, that the aging Papandreou, opportunist and demagogue, would yield control of the Center Union Party to his son the scholar, who once styled himself as a cross between Castro and Nasser, which even the imagination that contrived Cyclops, Medusa, and Cerberus, could not imagine as chief of the Grecian state.

## 2. WHO PUT THE SCAR ON MR. AMBATIELOS' FOOT?

*June 20*—The most popular charge against the revolutionary government of Mr. Papadopoulos in Greece is that it maintains itself in power by the use of force and deals with its dissidents by torture. Concerning the first charge, there is no doubting the truth of it: there is no freedom in Greece today to agitate, let alone conspire, against the government. It was precisely because such freedoms, perversely used, had brought Greece to the brink of chaos in the spring of 1967 that the colonels acted. One would hardly suppose that having overthrown the Greek Constitution, they would deprive themselves of the rationale for having done so, by instantly resuming life as it was before.

On the matter of torture, the colonels are consistent, adamant, and categorical in their denials that torture has ever been an instrument of policy. Mr. Papadopoulos has insisted that any Greek security officer detected in torture, will himself be imprisoned. Minister of the Interior Stylianos Pattakos has topped him by promising to commit suicide if sanction for torture is ever

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traced to him. Even so, the debate rages, and some of the very best of people are profoundly convinced that torture is endemic in Greece.

The most eloquent indictment is by a young lawyer in Massachusetts, in an unpublished article entitled "Athens by Day and Night." Mr. James Becket was associated with Mr. James Marreco, an Englishman, and together they spent time in Greece in January of this year on behalf of Amnesty International, investigating the charges of torture. Both gentlemen came away convinced of the Junta's guilt, and the report by Amnesty International received wide publicity.

The reaction of the Junta was to invite to Greece, to look into the charges, two groups of investigators, one of them the Red Cross, the other a delegation of five members of the British Parliament, from all three of the political parties.

The Red Cross has issued its report, after diligent investigation. One must assume that the Red Cross has cultivated its investigative skills since the infamous day a generation ago when it reported having seen no evidence of torture at Auschwitz. Certainly the Red Cross has become more cautious. The thirty-page report on Greece concludes only that it is impossible to go further than to report that the allegations of torture a) are directly contradicted by the alleged torturers; and b) that they are circumstantially implausible, which however does not make them necessarily false.

Take, for instance, the case of the famous "terraza" at the police station on Bouboulinas Street in Athens. It was the contention of Breck-Marreco that that is the site where, regularly, the security police stretch out their victims across a divan, strap them down, and cane them on the soles of their feet, China-style, until they collapse from the pain. It was to be expected that everyone at the Bouboulinas station, and their superiors on up to the Prime Minister, should deny it all. The Red Cross noted both the allegations and the denials, and observed that a) the terrace is surrounded on three sides by rented buildings that rise two or three floors higher than the alleged torture penthouse: hardly an arrangement conducive to security; b) the terrace furniture does not include such a divan as was depicted by the prisoners; and c) a prominent fixture of the terrace, minutely described by the alleged victims, a large open shower, was not mentioned by any one of them. Those so disposed will conclude, along with the Greek government, that the terraza horror stories have been contrived as a part of the studied effort, the existence of which unlike the torture stories is easy to document, to discredit the Junta by any means.

The British MPs went to Leros, the island that serves as a detention station for the political dissidents—who, by the way, totaled 2,423 persons as of last March, when Mr. Andreas Papandreou was touring Europe insisting that "50,000 Greeks" were imprisoned.

It should be noted that the detention laws under which the prisoners are held were enacted by predecessor democratic governments. Moreover, a substantial number of the detainees—as one must be careful to call them so as to distinguish them from convicted criminals—carry the key to their own jail doors, the promise not to engage in subversive political activity, which they decline to use. The British delegation went to Leros on the condition that its members be permitted to seek out any prisoners they chose, and talk to them through their own interpreter. They sought out those whose complaints had reached them. Only two charged they had been tortured. "One prisoner," Mr. Gordon Bagier subsequently reported at a press conference, "Mr. Ambatielos, had a scar on his foot. We are not in a position to know definitely nor to say that this was caused by ill treatment. All we can say is that there was a scar on the man's foot." But more significantly, Mr. Bagier added in behalf of himself and his colleagues, "I think it is fair to say in no circle have we yet found anyone, even in this camp, who was prepared to directly accuse the rulers, Mr. Papadopoulos and Mr. Pattakos, those who are in charge of the country, of directing any brutality or cruelty."

The case against the Junta is not sustained, as of this moment, by documented charges of torture as state policy.

### 3. THE BOSS

*June 22*—A report submitted by a staff member to the Council of Europe detects the beginnings of a cult of personality around Prime Minister George Papadopoulos of Greece, the former colonel who is at the moment the dictator of Greece, subject to whatever power is currently exercised by his old military colleagues Pattakos and Makarezos, and to the restraints he acknowledges as a subject of a "crowned democracy" whose house he understands himself to be engaged in setting right.

I saw scant signs of the cult. One can be in Greece a fortnight and see far fewer pictures of Papadopoulos than one would see, during an equivalent stay in America, of President John son. In his own office in the pres building, there are only the picture of the king and the queen. He is flanke by a disconcertingly large number c aides, seven in all, including the ir terpreter: the Prime Minister knows n English. You are told that such is th press of the Prime Minister's work tha he can be with you only for ten mir utes. That means five minutes whe you count out translation time. N small talk, not even "How was th weather in New York?" The usual ques tions, the expected answers. He smoke incessantly (everybody in the goverr ment appears to do so). You see n trace of the wryness, and the passior which later excavations reveal. But th 48-year-old military man who fough the Nazis as a youth, and then, twice the Communists: and now takes on a the forces of doctrinaire liberal democ racy, is very clearly a man of grea will, who understands himself to be er gaged in yet another exercise of duty Perhaps power will one day corrup him. It is not my impression that it ha done so yet.

Normally, Papadopoulos is remot with the press. But at his last pres conference, he seemed to be asking th journalists to experience with him th agony of Greece under his predecessors ". . . It is only my sense of the na tional dignity," he said, "which pre vents me from describing to you th situation the Greek people had reach ed." He is prompted to give an ex ample. His curtness at the precedin press conference, for which he nov apologizes, he now accounts for. "Th day before I met you, gentlemen, I ha caught an officer of the military jud ciary receiving the sum of sixty thou sand drachmas in office from a perso in order to destroy a file of a cas pending before the court martial. I ha reached the point of wondering whethe I would move the Greek people if I ap peared before them as a new Gandh and asked them to help in the achieve ment of the aims of the Revolution— and, having achieved success, to com mit suicide in front of them."

But he quickly recovers his habitua posture with the censorious press. ' did not say that," he snaps back at correspondent who undertook to mis paraphrase an earlier remark. "Yo should not develop the habit, merel as a result of your profession, of dis torting whatever I say." On another oc casion Papadopoulos has dilated on hi views of press freedom: "Since you ar the nerve center which controls th nervous system emotionally, and sinc it is possible that you would distur my patient in the course of the opera tion, and since I am unshakeably de


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·mined to make the patient well with s operation, although I displease you shall not yet do you the favor of ting you free to act as you please—ɔugh this may not be to your liking, to the liking of others. Possibly, if u calm down, without my having to ɔort to the use of barbiturates, perps we can discuss the matter again." ince then, press censorship has been ·tually abolished.)

Doctor Papa the Surgeon is not to deterred from his purpose. In dissing the bureaucracy, he once said, shall hang an axe over the heads of concerned; I shall let the axe fall their heads where necessary . . . ıe knife will unerringly cut away the ttenness, even if it causes the patient in—even if it causes the surgeon in." The warnings are alike for the ghty. "Their heads will roll, too, if ey are caught corrupting the adminration."

Of course, when a dictator talks out heads rolling, one wonders easily whether ho ho he is using a etaphor. Mr. Papadopoulos' figures speech are arrestingly vivid. "I will / to make the life [of the Greek ɔmmunist] as comfortable as possi- because I am a human being, too. ıt I will not let them become aniıls under Communist orders because they become animals and they are eased from their cages I will be liged to shoot them in the same way police shoot a lion that escapes ɔm its cage in the zoo and endangers life of the people. Rather than ɔoting them and having blood on the eets—blood that (heretofore) you ve not seen, despite the fact that ne of you have reported having seen —I will not let them free even if it sets you, even if it may upset the ·ilized humanity of certain friends ours."

And here I find Mr. Papadopoulos esistible. "Friendship," he told the ess, "is what we feel and friendship what we want with all the peoples earth. We are not interested in what ey do at home, and we should like em not to be concerned with what we in our home.

"It would be far better if we were all concern ourselves with the develop-ent of the societies of the totally unlightened rather than with the forms democracy in Greece. Democracy is no danger, but human society is. e should cure the weaknesses which ıd human societies to the edge of the yss, and we should work to create conditions for true democracy. It not right that we should advocate mocracy in theory at a time when we face to face with a pack of wild imals which often overruns the boundaries of all social behavior. I am not referring here to my own country."

I asked him, on the day de Gaulle disappeared mysteriously from Paris at the height of the crisis, to comment on the situation in France. "I shall limit myself," he said properly, "to discussing Greece. I should say, however, that I rejoice that Greece is free of the anarchy that is sweeping Europe."

## 4. THE PROSPECTS FOR GREECE

*June 24*—The report on the situation in Greece submitted to the Council of Europe is on the whole hostile to the revolutionary government, and recommends that the Council exert pressure on the Greek government to a) liberalize the current draft of the Constitution, b) grant full freedom to all non-Communist parties to organize themselves prior to the vote on the new Constitution, and c) pledge itself to activate instantly the whole of the Constitution the day after it is voted on, always assuming of course that the judgment is favorable. And so on and so on and so on.

The subject becomes tedious, not because the destiny of personal freedom in Greece is a tedious subject, but because everybody and his mother has been instructing Greece on how to proceed to bring about true democracy and the maximization of freedom. British newspapers, for instance, speaking for a people which would probably give a smaller percentage of their vote to the Wilson government than the Greek people would give, tomorrow, to the Papadopoulos government. French newspapers, which do not arrive in Athens these days because under the incumbent French government planes do not fly, trains do not run, telegrams are not delivered nor does the mail move. The United Nations Commission on Human Rights, among whose members are representatives of states that haven't had general elections, free speech, *habeas corpus* or labor unions since before the First World War. "If the Council of Europe votes to oust Greece as a member-nation," the Foreign Minister Mr. Pipinelis observed wryly, "then perhaps Greece could proceed as Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Russia do, without any of the obligations of member-states."

Under such a barrage, it is no wonder that many Greeks, while adamantly holding by the necessity to reintroduce freedom in Greece, are cynical about the concern of Western democrats. Suddenly everyone has become an expert on democracy, and its shortcomings in Greece. "We shall not be surprised," wrote the Athens newspaper *Eleftheros Kosmos,* "if [the critics] print visiting cards mentioning 'democrat' as their occupation."

The salient points are these:

1) The Government is pledged to put forward a Constitution by next September. The present draft of that constitution permits a "Constitutional court" to proscribe political parties or organizations, whose goals are "likely to overthrow the established social order." It is maintained in Athens that this isn't really different from the workable West German Constitution which has similar arrangements. In fact, there are differences: the West German code talks not about "the social order" but about "the democratic order."

2) All the ministers in Mr. Papadopoulos's government are pledged to come forward with a constitution which guarantees individual human rights as unequivocally as the human rights provisions of the United Nations and the Council of Europe. These rights are not yet elaborated: but no one is discussing a postponement of the September deadline. And critics who insist on instant application of the paradigm tend to forget that the existing government exists because the antecedent situation proved unworkable; at any rate, that is the rationale of the revolution. "If it were as simple as founding a new political party and setting things right," observes Mr. Ladas, Secretary General of the Ministry of Public Policy, "we should simply have done that." "You have to accept," says Mr. Stamatopoulos, the socialist who is now director of press and information for the new government, "that this is a revolution."

3) I doubt if it will prove to be such, by conventional standards. Certainly it is not a social revolution. If it proves to be anything of strategic significance, it will be a revolution against parliamentary chaos, something on the order of the change between the Fourth and Fifth French Republics; only, one hopes, more successful. No Constitution will ever produce a divine and eternal equilibrium between freedom and order. Papadopoulos is not likely to succeed where Plato and Aristotle failed. The principal Democratic contenders for the Presidency of the United States are under severe pressure to denounce the junta in Greece. Mr. Nixon, quite wisely, had declined to do so. If Greece is headed for a long night of tyranny, there is time to bring pressure. But on the existing record, Greece is engaged in trying one more time, previous attempts having failed, to bring freedom and a national regeneration. We should lower our voices, and give them time. □

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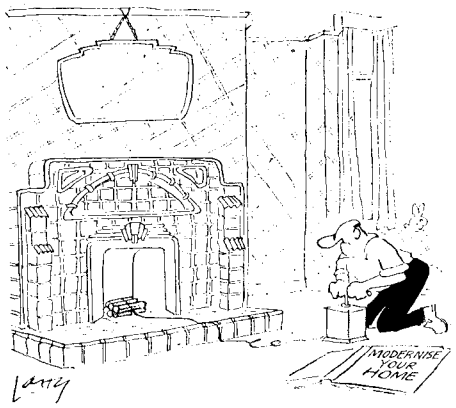
# FOR THE RECORD

■ Convention plans: Word is **Democrats** will start each day's session in evening, figuring daytime TV coverage not worth the bother. Possible hangup: strike of electrical workers may prevent installation of miles of cable, thousands of phone circuits needed by convention; Chicago Mayor **Richard Daley** assuring party bigwigs he won't let it happen. . . . **Republicans** will be well protected; Miami Beach city council just passed nation's toughest gun-control law (all owners to be photographed, fingerprinted), also stop-and-frisk measure. Convention Hall to be surrounded by six-foot metal fence, tucked behind flowering shrubbery. . . . Sen. **Fred Harris** (D., Okla.), national co-chairman of Humphrey campaign, worried: Head of party machine in his home county being sued (for $50,000) by dissident Dems who charge he made "mockery and farce" of vote for delegates to state convention; **McCarthyites** already calling Harris "railroader." . . . Straws in Wind: Chicago gamblers betting **LBJ** will accept a draft, says columnist **Leonard Lyons**; prophetess **Jeane Dixon** foresees "strong pressure" on LBJ to run but says he won't; book *Sam Johnson's Boy* by **Alfred Steinberg** (Macmillan) being heavily touted; ads feature quote from N. Y. *Daily News:* "Waiting in the Democratic wings, there's still LBJ."

■ Rumor, anyone? One old pro says if **Nelson Rockefeller**'s try for GOP nomination bombs as expected, he will step down as Governor so that successor **Malcolm Wilson** can name him to **Robert Kennedy**'s Senate seat. Possibilities, should Rock do the appointing: Republicans **William Miller, James Farmer**; maybe even Democrats **Robert Wagner, Ted Sorensen**. . . . **Wayne Morse** in trouble; Evans/Novak think he'll lose to young, attractive, libbish Republican **Robert Packwood** now that Vietnam issue is dying down. . . . **Robert E. Bauman** (leader in YAF, YR, ACU) quit as GOP legislative aide on House floor with plaudits from liberal (**Florence Dwyer**, **Ted Kupferman**) as well as conservative members.

■ N.Y. Mayor **John Lindsay** conspicuously absent at Fire Dept. Medal Day; while 45 men (including ten killed in line of duty) were honored, he was in Boston testifying for Dr. **Benjamin Spock**. . . . Back in the fray: Rev. **William S. Coffin**, who marched down Broadway in parade organized by



PUNCH

Clergymen and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam to support no-goer **Barry Johnson**. . . . W.E.B. DuBois Clubs suing L. A. Mayor **Sam Yorty** for slander and libel, because he linked them with accused assassin **Sirhan Sirhan**. Their attorney is veteran mouthpiece for left-wing defendants, **William Kunstler**. . . . Shot Down: Chicago heart specialist and alleged Communist Dr. **Jeremiah Stamler,** who lost suit challenging constitutionality of HUAC by 2-1 Federal court decision; is still under indictment for contempt for refusing to answer. . . . Leftish American folkum-singer **Phil Ochs** gave benefit concert in Stockholm; half proceeds went to American Deserte Committee, other half to Hanoi U: versity.

■ Oddments: Interior Dept. says c of restoring West Potomac Park, site **Resurrection City**, will be $61,436. T tal cost to government of Poor Peopl Campaign, in damaged property et thought to be over $500,000. . . Speaking of bills: D.C. expenses f police, National Guardsmen in wa of Kennedy assassination and at funer were $406,000. . . . **Columbia ri** had no effect on new enrollments, sa Dean of Admissions; 700 freshmen w enter in Fall. . . . **Marlon Brando** q cast of *The Arrangement* (or was pushed?), will only make flicks deali with racial, urban problems; says h turning over 12 per cent of all incor to SCLC. . . . Mrs. **Abe Fortas** lost $ bet with old family retainer when hu band was named Chief Justice. . . **H. L. Hunt**, the Silly Old Billionai wants to erect a giant "torch of fre dom" on Alcatraz Island.

■ Coming Up: New hate-America or in **Castro**'s Cuba—"First Latin-Ame can Conference of Journalists" July 2 August 1; only "anti-imperialists" ne apply. . . . Next U.S. space flight, 1 day Apollo 7 mission, set for Sept. 2 with Navy Capt. **Walter M. Schi** commander, Air Force Maj. **Donn Eisele** command module pilot, Ra Corp. scientist **R. Walter Cunningha** (first civilian to go aloft) lunar modu pilot. . . . Trial, in Belgium, of **Je** "Black Jack" **Schramme**, charged wi murdering fellow mercenary in Con in 1967.

■ Oh, no! Scottish archaeologist **Stua Piggott** says oldest known wheels ha been discovered. In Russia.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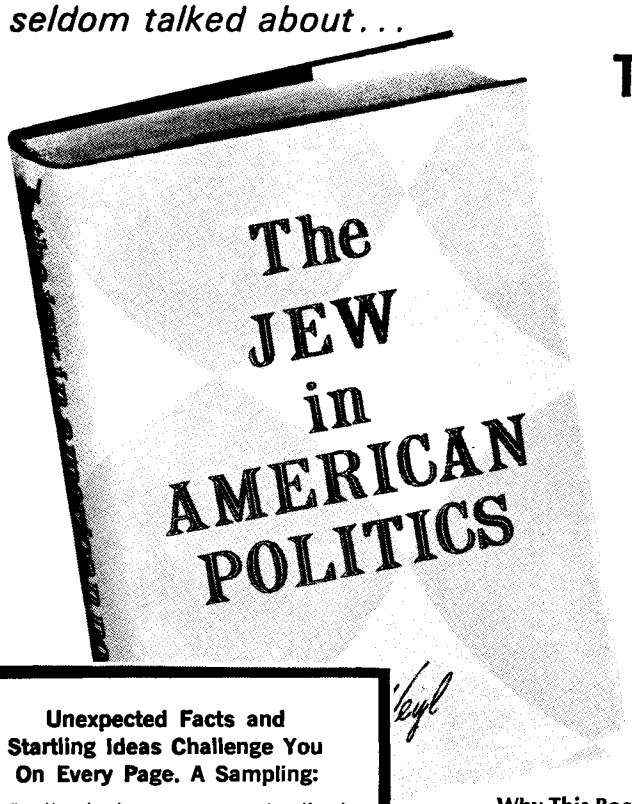


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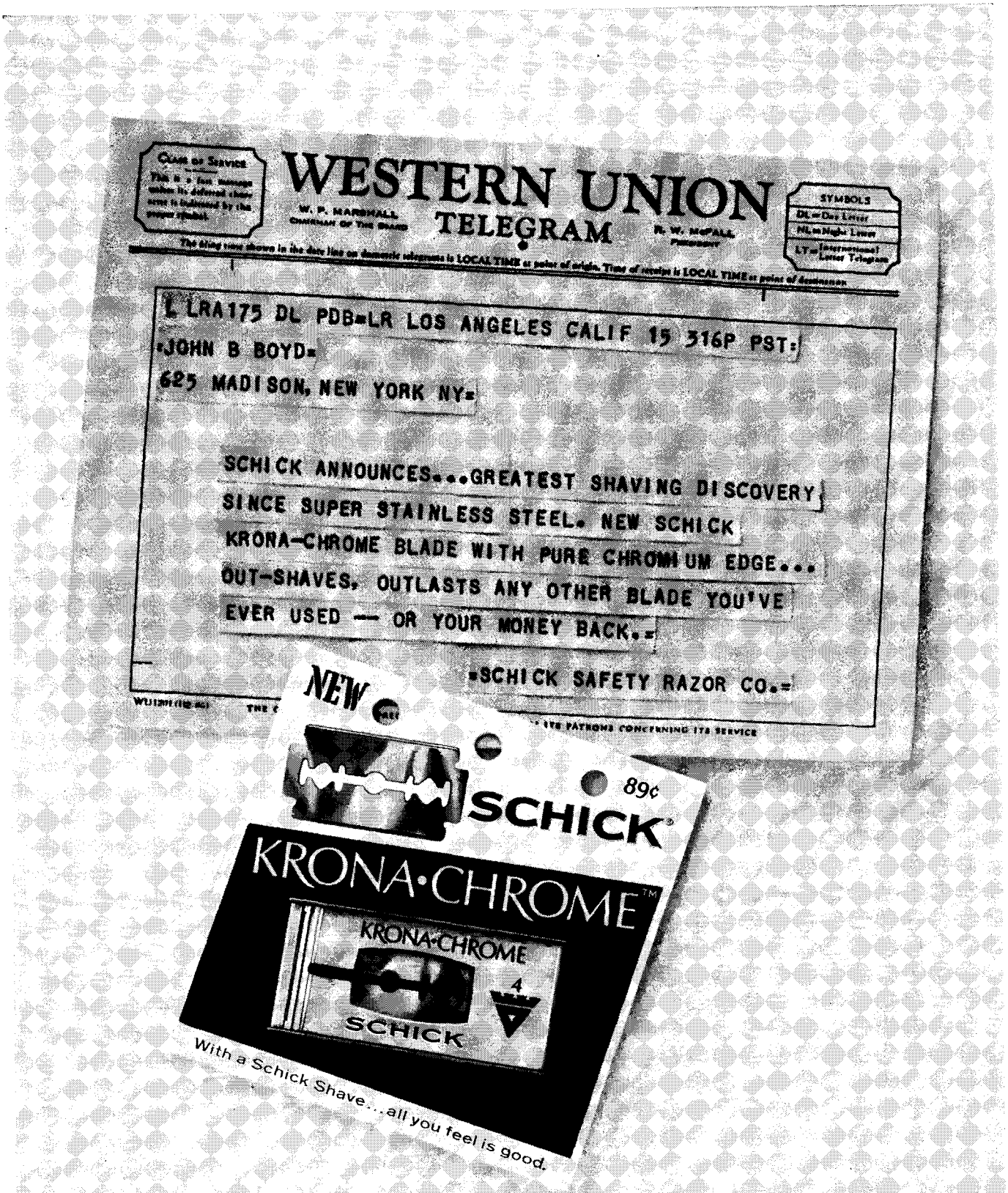


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